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THE SHOOTING OF "JUDGE" TERRY.

The New York

POLICE GAZETTE

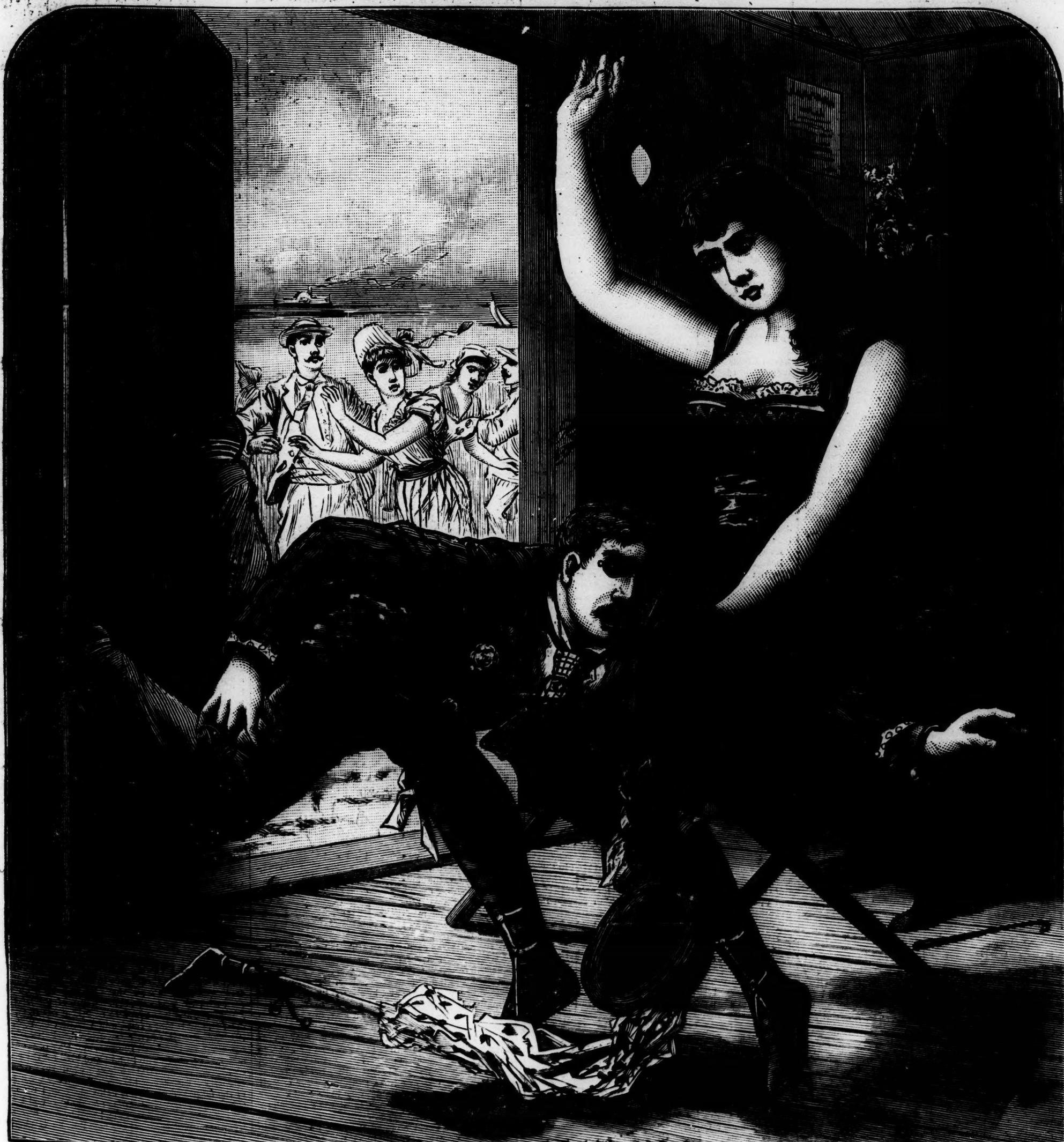
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1889.

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Price Ten Cents.



NARRAGANSETT'S "PEEPING TOM."

A NEW YORK DUDE IS CAUGHT ADMIRING A SOCIETY QUEEN DISROBING AND SUFFERS THE PENALTY.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1889.

JUST PUBLISHED.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES
OFBELLA STARR,
The Noted Bandit Queen of the West.

A Story of Daring Exploits and Adventures.

HANDSOMELY ILLUSTRATED

Mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents.
Agents will find it to their advantage to canvass for
this book.RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE theatrical season is about opening up and the theatre packers, the public, are gradually returning home after well-earned vacations. Wouldn't it be a good idea for some of our managers to invigorate their companies with Brown-Sequard's elixir of life? It's none of our business; we only asked.

ONE of the fastest marriages on record was tabulated during the week. An anxious and romantic couple were joined together at the rate of two miles a minute while scooting down the Switchback gravity road in Mauch Chunk, Pa. Let us hope that they will not prove a fast pair, and that their children, if they are blessed with any, will not be over and above speedy.

WE desire to have it distinctly understood that what we said last week regarding the baseball championship can be amended at any time to suit the exigencies of the times. Baseball is "mighty unsartin," and while we do lovingly trust that the New Yorks and Brooklyns will be found on top when the census is taken, we are going to sit right on the middle of the fence hereafter and do the Micawber act until the last hole is pegged, so that we can chuck up our hats with the vociferous crowd.

WE are in receipt of a Spanish sporting paper known as *Las Noticias Ilustradas*, published in Buenos Ayres, and also of a Japanese sporting journal, the name of which, as it is printed in the Japanese language, is too intricate for dissection. As our Spanish and Japanese editors are at present out of town we are unable to repeat the good things our contemporaries evidently say about the POLICE GAZETTE, but we return them the compliments of the season and wish them the same and barrelfuls of them.

THE arrest, conviction and sentence to a year's imprisonment in the Marion county, Miss., jail of John L. Sullivan caused considerable comment in sporting circles during the week, as did also the arrest of Jake Kilrain. There appears to be some doubt in the minds of sporting men generally as to the legality of the extradition, as there was no intention on the part of the principals in the Richburg fight to violate the Mississippi law. The general impression prevails that now that Gov. Lowry has vindicated himself he will pardon those interested after they have been sentenced, if the "boys" promise not to do so any more. Let us hope so, and let us hope that the aforesaid boys will be real good in the future.

SARAH ALTHEA HILL-TERRY again came to the front during the week as a party to a shooting. Sarah and her latest husband, counsellor and guide, "Judge" Terry, met Judge Field in the Lathrop (Cal.) depot, and as an entree to the breakfast Terry slapped Judge Field's face. Instead of obtaining his breakfast Terry was filled full of lead, U. S. Marshal Nagle, who was accompanying Judge Field as a protector against an anticipated attack from Terry, officiating as caterer. There appears to be no doubt in the minds of law-abiding people that while Terry acted hastily Marshal Nagle did likewise, and that a sifting investigation shall be made as to all matters attending the case. Terry has led a tempestuous life, as has his bride, but even so the shooting was not entirely justifiable in our humble estimation.

MASKS AND FACES

"Bric-a-Brac" Clever Musical Clowns.

NYMPHS AT NIBLO'S.

Actresses in August Stage Mammas
...Yank Hoe.

BLAKELY HALL'S BELLES.

"Clever musical clowns," said Harry Sanderson to me the other morning, "have always been in great demand. The public likes the fantastic in the musical line. Everyday piano and fiddle don't go down. The



tunes of the barrel organ tire. Therefore these men who do out of the way things rapidly and on various instruments are so much applauded. Among the most clever musical clowns I have ever seen were the Jee Brothers at the old Olympic Theatre. They played on rocks and steel bars among other things. Such men are worth from \$125 to \$200 a week. You have seen the Braatz Brothers and Alexandrow Brothers. They are first rate in their line. Musical Dale, now under contract to Tony Pastor, is a great favorite. Among women who monkey with fantastic musicalities Lillie Western is easily the first and foremost. In spite of their queer make-up, such fellows as Braatz, Alexandrow and Dale get lots of mosh notes from supersensitive females, who would be flattered and loved. This is a queer world."

You are reading the items in the dramatic papers, Miss Flyaway, and looking for a few, doubtless, about yourself. You rarely buy a paper save some kind friend tells you there is a bad notice in it, and then you invest and swear.

Laura Bellini has come home again. The backer gave out.

Louise Paulin doesn't like the Casino because of the dudus, and the auditors of Ardrielle didn't like her because of her singing.

Ella Shannon has dropped her middle initial. Dot Kingsley is now called an ingénue.

Emma Abbot will murder Wagner this season.

Victory Bateman is engaged—to be married.

Marie Wainwright is to have the press services of Julian Magnus.

Mary Anderson is all right, says Marcus Mayer, who is just back from abroad.

Vernona Jarreau invested heavily in modern music at a fashionable stationer's last week.

Henriette Crosmann may stay with Augustin Daly three years—and she may not.

Helen Blithe will have another back at starring.

Then as she reads, Miss Flyaway, she hears the soft voice of her stage husband from the next room.

"And do you love me still, dearie?"

And she answers:

"Yes, darling, very still!"

Frank Tannehill and James Jay Brady produced "Bric-a-Brac" at Pastor's last week.

It's a farce comedy of the regulation kind in three acts. There is an amusing dinner scene, where the results of modern cooking schools are cleverly satirized, and a pantomime barroom scene, which results in a pantomime drunk.

Charley Hawkins plays artistically the part of a jay chairman of jay committee of jay legislators, who visit town bent on reforms.

Tom Martin was good as the invalid millionaire.

Alf Hampton was fair as a dude.

Chas Phillips could do better if he had more show.

Frank Holland had a capital make-up.

E. B. Fitz was a success, in appearance at least, as the typical slugger.

Most of the women in "Bric-a-Brac" are pretty and some can sing.

Miss Maude Giroux has a brilliant feather costume in act three.

Mary Stuart has an uncertain contralto voice and a fine leg.

Caprice Van Lissa, Hope Curtis, Lottie Hyde, Lelia Holland and Vera Bedell do more than stand around. They dance a graceful dance in act two in a costume of diaphanous texture.

There are some good situations in "Bric-a-Brac."

Elegant Colored Cabinet Photographs of Actresses. Size, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 6 $\frac{1}{2}$. \$1.50 per dozen, assorted. No orders received for less than one dozen. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

some catchy tunes, and when the dialogue is strengthened and the thing has been licked into shape, Brady and Tannehill may make some money out of it.

I saw an old dude pay one of the airs from "Bric-a-Brac" the other night, and try to sing. It was one of the airs from the "May Queen," produced some months ago by McCaul.

The old fellow opened his mouth as wide as May Irwin generally opens hers, but he didn't arrive at that cute artist's catchy results.

I forgot to say that portly Katherine Webster makes enough noise with a cornet to smash all the "Bric-a-Brac" into a thousand pieces.

I confess I don't like stage mammas. They are a nuisance and a bore. They are always around when you don't want them. They are always showing you notices about their daughters' histrionic talents and painting you roseate pictures of their daughters' moral qualities. They are as blind as bats, without, as hungry as ogres, as persistent as book canvassers and as perpetually short as song and dance men. Stage mammas read the papers all day, and look out for their daughters at night. They are never known to do anything but cook, mend dresses and create talk and gossip. They always like their own soubrettes and hate those of other mammas. Most of them are as ugly as the seven deadly sins, and bear as much resemblance to their fair and courted daughters as Lawrence Barrett does to Apollo Belvidere. There are exceptions, but, unlike deadheads in summer, they are few.

Lee Harrison writes me, in his usual witty strain, from Chicago, that Eddie Foy is great in "Blue Beard," and that the show is a big success.

Jack Harley advances "Evangeline" this season.

Ted Marks now knows the difference between cocotte and coquette.

Burr McIntosh is to have a benefit.

Charley Schroeder now speaks with a foreign accent.

George Floyd is not over enthusiastic about Kate Forsyth in London.

Leander Richardson has introduced "Lord Dummersby" to the public, and we'll speak of him later.

Tom Maguire has a black and white setter that's a

fine figure of a woman. She would look well in a bathing suit. I doubt whether she's Circassian, though. Her shapey head has a blonde wig on and her legs are encased now in wide trousers and now in clinging tights. Omene speaks with a foreign accent that may fail from Paris and may fail from Vienna. She

was nervous and graceful, and her finger tips were

red terra cotta.

Yank-Hoe, the Japanese illusionist and equilibrist, dark, short, slight, ugly, differs in his entertainment from others in his line. During an evening he performed over a hundred tricks. He worked without paraphernalia in sight of the audience. One of his most marvellous tricks, which created a furore in England, is that of taking numberless things from out an empty box. His reading by touch is a surprising feat. Lines written by persons in the audience and placed in a sealed envelope are read by Yank-Hoe as soon as he touches the packet. Afeat called the Japanese sacrifice is unexplainable, while that of cutting in half potatoes placed on Omene's head and neck with a sharp sword is a puzzle to all who behold it. It is in the cleverness, dexterity, ease and brilliancy of Yank-Hoe's work that lies the charm.

J. M. Hill, who sat in a box with Miss Day at the Union Square on the first night, seemed to like the performance of Yank Hoe.

So did most of the select spectators.

The nymphs of Kraly are back at Niblo's.

This time they whirl around "Antiope," a suggestive and mysterious name.

Kiralny calls his show by a different name each year, but, with one or two novelties, it's always the same show.

As Wilson says in relating the sad death of "Johnny Jones and His Sister Sue," at the Broadway, it's the same girls, same ballets, same marches, same dragons, same fairies and the same jokes.

The aggregate age of the ballet cohort was, on careful calculation by Harry Nagle, found to be one thousand and three hundred and seven years, while Randolph Lewis, who is writing a novel, by the way, discovered that the combined weight of the ballet girls' costumes was seven pounds fourteen ounces.

Blakely Hall, who was abroad, is back again. His views on the actresses of London are interesting. That big, handsome fellow manages to fling words and scatter ideas and facts with the grace and agility of an athletic lawn tennis player.

"Concerning the salaries, the cream of money-makers here among the women are the stars of the burlesque and light opera stage. Mrs. Bernard-Beere, for instance, will, I am sure, be classed by every critic of importance as a far superior actress to Mrs. Langtry. She has been successful as a star, but she plays leading business in a London theatre, and considers herself well paid by a salary of \$300 a week. This salary is very much less than that received by any one of half a dozen burlesque and light opera divinities. Harriet Vernon, who is a big and rather beefy woman, was a star at the Drury Lane pantomime for several months, and received considerably over \$400 a week for stalking round the stage in tights and looking spectacularly beautiful. The best and warmest friends of Miss Vernon never claimed that she had any dramatic genius, but she is built in a large, generous and handsome mould, and the public take to her. Hence her salary. Miss Florence St. John, who is now playing in 'Faust Up to Date' here at the Gaiety, receives a

larger salary than Mrs. Bernard-Beere, while a very capable and pretty little actress (who is a beautiful woman as well) plays across the street for about \$50 a week.

"Such music hall artists as Jennie Hill and Bessie Bellwood receive from \$50 to \$75 a week at each of the music halls where a nightly appearance is made. Miss Hill sometimes plays at four music halls a night, and Miss Bellwood has been known to run her income from music hall managers as high as \$400 a week. It is terribly hard work, however, particularly if the halls are some distance apart.

The programme is arranged so that these clever women can look in, sing their songs, and pop from one to the other as the night goes on. It is worth noting that both Miss Hill and Miss Bellwood, and many others of the music hall performers, made their fortunes by delineating low types of London character.

Miss Bellwood's dancing would not be tolerated for an instant in a respectable variety theatre in New York." In one of the hotels up town—we'll call it the "Thespis" for fun—I witnessed a queer sight last week. Contrary to custom, I turned in there rather early in the morning.

The lights burned dimly in the corridor. All was still.

Suddenly a door opened. I saw a fair woman's arm and hand. I heard a kiss, and a form, the lean form of one of our most noted comedians, in complete undress, rushed from a room across the hall.

Yorick saw me, but he did not stop. He simply winked and hurried at me a cynical toast, a wicked and worldly saying:

"Women! Heaven bless them! They're too ethereal for earth, but still on it!" ROSEN.

SULLIVAN SENTENCED.

Kilrain Arrested, but Released on Bail Pending Argument on Appeal Proceedings.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Sporting men generally received several severe shocks during the week ending August 17. The first came on Wednesday, when it was announced that Jake Kilrain had been arrested by Sgt. Toner, of the Baltimore police force, just as he was stepping from the Norfolk boat, on his return home from Virginia, where he had been spending a few weeks. Jake was somewhat astonished, but his friends flocked to his assistance and he was taken before Judge Hilarian, who released him on bail in the sum of \$2,000, pending a hearing on August 22.

The next shock came when it was announced that several others of the "aiders and abettors" of the fight had been indicted, and that their extradition would be asked for by Gov. Lowry, of Mississippi.

On Saturday the news came from Purvis, Miss., that Kilrain, who had been released on bail immediately upon his arrival, had been found guilty. The Court convened early on the morning of Aug. 16, and crowds flocking the ramshackle building.

The jury gave patient hearing to counsel on both sides, and when the case was submitted to them at 4:30 P. M. they retired from the court with solemn demeanor, seemingly appreciating the responsibility resting upon them. During their absence various were the speculations as to the probable result of the case. Had the offence been one of the highest magnitude known to the law a deeper interest could not have been manifested. When the jury, after an absence of thirty minutes, filed into court, it being known that they had agreed on a verdict, the court room was filled with the excited populace, and when the foreman handed the verdict to the clerk to be read a deathlike silence prevailed in the room. The clerk read:

"We, the jury, find the defendant guilty as charged in the first count of the indictment," which means guilty of prize fighting.

The verdict was received without demonstration of any kind. The defendant showed no excitement or emotion, but remained calm and immovable.

Judge Calhoun at once announced that the defence desired to file a motion for the arrest of judgment, and the same was filed instantaneously, having been previously prepared as though in anticipation of the result just reached.

A petition was put in circulation, and was numerously signed by citizens, court officers, and grand jurors, asking the Court not to impose a greater penalty than a fine of \$1,000, and without imprisonment. Sullivan's friends said that if he was fined \$1,000 and not sentenced to imprisonment he would pay the fine at once without a murmur; but if imprisonment was imposed a motion for a new trial would be made, and if the same be overruled an appeal would be taken to the Supreme Court.

There being an apparent disposition on the part of the Judge to sentence Sullivan to a term of imprisonment, the appeal papers were made out in anticipation of the event. On Friday, Aug. 16, the court room was again crowded and Sullivan appeared for sentence. In as few words as possible Judge Terrell sentenced the big fellow to a year's imprisonment in the Marion county jail. Then the appeal papers were filed and Sullivan was released on bail; J. W. Holloman and John Duffy becoming his bondsmen. He at once started for New York, and will return to Mississippi when wanted.

LONG ISLAND CITY'S MAYOR.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

We present, elsewhere, the portrait of Patrick Jerome Gleason, Mayor of Long Island City, N. Y. Mayor Gleason is a Tipperary lad, having been born in that famous Irish ballad forty-five years ago. Years ago he took up his residence in Long Island City, and at once entered into politics. He has been an alderman for two terms and president of the Board of Aldermen, and was first elected mayor in 1886, was re-elected, and it looks very much as if he could serve in that capacity for life if he so desired. Patrick J. Gleason served all through the war, and was one of seven stalwart brothers who fought and bled for their country. Mayor Gleason has made many antagonists in Long Island City because of his deep regard for the interests of the taxpayers, but he is beloved of and upheld by the latter, who think there is naught too good for their chosen chief. The mayor has become a man of wealth, notwithstanding the fact that he is charitable to a fault.

Life and Battles of John L. Sullivan, Champion Pugilist of the World, price, 25 cents

JUDGE TERRY SHOT.

Instantly Killed by Marshal Nagle in the Lathrop, Cal., Depot.

SLAPPED JUDGE FIELD'S FACE,

And the Latter's Protector Put a Bullet Through His Heart.

EXCITING SCENES IN THE DEPOT.

History of the Famous Hill-Sharon Case.

JUDGE FIELD ARRESTED.

[WITH ILLUSTRATION AND PORTRAITS.]

The eventful life of ex-Judge David S. Terry came to a horrible end in the railroad depot in Lathrop, Cal., on August 14. A bullet from a pistol in the hand of Deputy Marshal Nagle went clean through the heart of the Judge and he was killed instantly. Judge Terry and his wife, formerly known throughout the world as Sarah Althea Hill, of Sharon fame, arrived in Lathrop on the 7 A. M. train on the Southern Overland road, and alighted at the station for the purpose of breakfasting. Immediately preceding them were United States Supreme Court Justice Stephen J. Field and his friend Nagle, who had come in on the same train. Judge Field and Marshal Nagle entered the dining hall and seated themselves, facing each other, at a table. They had scarcely given their orders when Judge Terry and his wife entered. The room was quite full of people at the time, and from his position it was evident that Judge Field did not see the newcomers. The marshal, facing the other way, lost not a detail, as it was said that he had accompanied Judge Field for the purpose of protecting him from assault at the hands of Judge Terry. Terry gave a slight start as he recognized Field. He said a few words to his wife and she left the room.

Scarcely had Mrs. Terry left the room when Judge Terry approached Justice Field from the rear, and be-



SARAH ALTHEA'S GRIEF.

fore the latter was aware of his presence struck him in the face.

"Stop! Stop!" cried Deputy Nagle, rising from his seat with a quick motion. Field, taken by surprise, had turned quickly, half rising from his chair, to see Terry's arm raised for second blow.

"Stop! Stop!" cried Nagle warningly, but Terry was deaf to the command. His arm started to descend again when two pistol shots sounded in quick succession, and without a word he fell heavily to the floor. Nagle had fired. The first bullet pierced Terry's heart, while the second missed and went through the floor. The tragedy was enacted in an incredibly short period, probably five seconds. The wildest excitement at once prevailed in the room. Women screamed and there was a rush for the exit, while people from the outside crowded in to know the cause.

Probably fearing violence, Nagle, with the pistol in his hand, backed up against the wall of the dining room and warned everyone not to arrest him, saying he was a United States officer in the discharge of his duty. There was no semblance of an attempt to molest him at any time. Hardly had her husband fallen



JUDGE TERRY'S BODY REMOVED.

when Mrs. Terry rushed in and threw herself hysterically upon the body. Her sobs were pitiful. Then she calmed herself and called upon the citizens to arrest Field and Nagle. They had retreated to a sleeping car, where they were securely locked within. During the time the train was standing at the depot Mrs. Terry was running wildly from the body of her husband to the sleeper alternately demanding admittance that she might slap Justice Field's face, and at the

same time begging that they be detained and have their examination there. Constable Walker entered the sleeper and was joined by Sheriff Purvis and deputy of Stanislaus county. Constable Walker took Deputy Nagle from the train at Tracy and proceeded with him to Stockton, where he was locked up.

Judge Field proceeded on his way to Oakland, Cal., and was there interviewed. He then gave the alleged cause for the assault. Said he: "For the last few months all manner of reports, both public and personal, have reached me that Judge Terry had threatened to subject me to some form of indignity if he should happen to meet me. This fact caused the United States Marshal to decide to provide such protection as he could during my stay in this State. When I started for Los Angeles to hold court, Deputy Nagle accompanied me. He seemed to be a quiet, gentlemanly official, though I only met him twice while away from Los Angeles. He asked me in that city when I intended to return, and accompanied me, taking a seat in the sleeping car opposite to me. We



SARAH ALTHEA ENGAGES TERRY AS COUNSEL.

heard this morning that Judge Terry and his wife were on the train, but paid no attention to the fact. When we arrived in Lathrop we entered the station." He then described the subsequent scene as given above. Judge Field was afterward placed under arrest for complicity in the shooting of Terry.

That Judge Field feared an assault from Judge Terry he admits. Terry had made threats against him and also against others who had been his antagonists

there was apparently nothing for her but abject and possibly disgraceful failure. In this emergency Judge Terry took her to his home in Stockton and married her.

It was on the morning of Jan. 7, 1876, that Miss Hill arrived on the steamer from San Francisco at 3 o'clock, and remained on board until 9 o'clock, when she left for the parsonage with State Treasurer Oulahan, who acted as groomsmen for Mr. Terry. The bride was dressed in a walking suit of dark woolen material. Father O'Connor, of St. Mary's Church, performed the ceremony.

The license gave the bride's name as Sarah Althea Hill Sharon, and her age as thirty-two, and Judge Terry's as sixty-two. The ceremony was quickly performed, after which the bridal party drove to Mr. Terry's residence, where a wedding breakfast had been prepared. Breakfast over, Mr. Terry returned to the Superior Court, where a case he was conducting was on trial.

It is likely that had the Sharon suit been dropped, and had both husband and wife behaved themselves, they might have lived comfortably with their neighbors. It was not in them to do this, however. The Sharon suit was pressed unrelentingly, and out of it came an episode which one more set well-nigh everybody in the country talking about them, particularly as the episode forcibly recalled the bloody career of the Judge in earlier years.

It was on Sept. 3, 1888. The case was up before the United States District Court, and Justice Field was to deliver the opinion of the court. If it were against Sarah her case would be ended.

The announcement that a decision in the Sharon case would be rendered drew a large crowd to the court room. About 200 lawyers, besides all persons directly interested in the case, occupied the enclosure immediately in front of the Judge. Judge Terry sat beside his wife, and both paid close attention to the reading of the decision. Mrs. Terry appeared very nervous at the outset, and as the reading progressed her agitation increased. Finally, when Judge Field was about half through with the reading, Mrs. Terry jumped to her feet and asked the Judge if he was going to order her to give up her marriage contract. The Judge told her to sit down, and Mrs. Terry's face turned white with passion, and she cried:

"Justice Field, we hear that you have been bought. We would like to know if that is so, and what figures you hold yourself at. It seems that a person can't get justice in this court unless he has a sack."



TERRY KILLS BRODERICK.

in the famous Hill-Sharon case. It was to guard against just such an assault that Marshal Nagle had accompanied him and this protection was accorded him, it is asserted, by authority of United States Attorney-General Miller, who telegraphed from Washington to the marshal of the district to see that the person of the Justice was protected.

The order extended also to Judge Sawyer, of the United States Circuit Court in San Francisco, upon whom Mrs. Terry made personal assault last year while on a railway train, accompanied by Judge Terry. The order was based upon this fact and upon threats declared to have been made openly by Terry against Justice Field. Deputy Marshal Nagle was directed to accompany Justice Field under this order, and is said to have given Judge Terry full warning to stop when the latter began his attack upon Justice Field, and Nagle fired at Terry as the latter was about to strike a second time.

The direct cause for the assault was as follows:

During the war Terry was on the Confederate side. After the war he drifted back to California. He was elected to the Legislature and was placed as an elector on the Presidential electoral ticket, but his record was so bad that though the State was overwhelmingly Democratic, Democrats refused to support him, and he was defeated, a Republican being elected. That ended his political career.

As a lawyer he was a man of ability, and was faithful to his clients. He worked up a good practice and accumulated a fortune. Society there is not very different from what it is elsewhere. As time passed and Terry grew rich he was able to live down his record, so that he was by no means ostracized socially. He lived very quietly, however, never attracting public attention to himself until Sarah Althea Hill began a suit by which she sought to prove she was the wife of Senator Sharon.

Terry became Sarah's attorney. While the case was in progress Senator Sharon died, and so did the Judge's wife. In spite of every effort that Terry and his associates could make, luck went against his fair client. At last she was very near the end of her rope. Her friends had fallen away by the score. Some of her lawyers had abandoned her. Many witnesses had been won over to the other side. One Court had pronounced her a conspirator. Sharon had died, leaving away his property. Some of her witnesses were in State prison, and others, with one of her stoutest-hearted lawyers, were under indictment. She knew not when she herself might be proceeded against. With the litigation complicated by a mixed Federal and State jurisdiction and involved with criminal proceedings in such a way as to make it almost hopeless,

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soon as quiet was restored Judge Field resumed reading the decision. When he had concluded the court took a recess and the Judges retired to their chambers. Two hours later they again appeared in the court room and announced the penalty they had to inflict upon Judge Terry and his wife. Neither of them was al-



TERRY HARANGUING THE CROWD.

lowed in the court room while sentence was pronounced. Judge Field ordered that Terry be imprisoned in the county jail at Alameda for six months and that Mrs. Terry be imprisoned thirty days. No alternative in the way of a fine was allowed, and the prisoners were taken to jail at once.

Friends of the Judge made a strong plea before Justice Field in behalf of the Judge, but without avail. Thereupon the case was taken to the United States Supreme Court, on the ground that no one could be sentenced to prison as these two had been without a hearing. The sentences of the Judge and his wife were affirmed, however, and they served their time. It was held that summary punishment was necessary and right for the protection of a Justice in the discharge of his duty.

In 1859 Terry became famous because of his duel with David C. Broderick, a political opponent, whom he killed on the field of honor, and prior to that time he carved, nearly to death, one Hopkins, also an opponent.

HER SIN CAUSED HER SUICIDE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The dead body of a handsome young woman was found floating in the river at San Antonio, Tex., recently. In her ears were a pair of large diamonds and a cluster of small ones was pinned at her throat. She was identified as Eva Guppy, aged twenty-two years, who was at one time a school teacher at Laredo, but not liking the life of a teacher she had gone to San Antonio, where she was known as Minnie Douglass to her companions in dissipation. It is thought that remorse for the life she led drove her to suicide.

HER GRAVE HAD BEEN PREPARED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Boshiller, of Elkhart, Ind., was recently taken sick, and after several days' illness the physicians pronounced her dead. Her father made the necessary arrangements for the funeral, and went to La Grange and had a grave dug. When he came back he was astonished to learn that several hours after his departure his daughter had returned to life while lying in her shroud.

HE CATERS TO MEN ON "CHANGE."

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Richard Walsh is one of the most popular bartenders of the lower part of this city. He was born and brought up in the Second ward, and at the age of fifteen years entered James Duffy's famous hostelry at the corner of Hanover and Beaver streets. He is now twenty-six years old, and has attained a reputation as a manipulator of beverages second to no other in his profession.

FATAL RAILROAD COLLISION.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A fatal railroad accident occurred recently at the Forest Lawn, N. Y., station of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg railroad, which ended in the death of three and injury of seven persons. A train had just drawn into the Forest Lawn station, when the Thousand Island fast express came flying along and crashed into it, completely telescoping the rear car.

A MUSEUM FREAK'S FUNERAL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Laura Wolford, who weighed 904 pounds, died recently at Lafayette, Ind. When she was buried her body was placed in a casket three feet wide and it took ten men to carry the body to a wagon, which was used in place of a hearse. Laura was thirty-one years old and had travelled all over the country exhibiting as a museum freak.

NEW ORLEANS' FAMOUS BOXER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Andy Bowen, the light-weight champion of Louisiana, stands five feet six inches in height and is twenty-four years old. He has gained quite a reputation for himself in New Orleans, by his many battles in the orthodox twenty-four foot ring, and is ready to meet any light-weight who will visit New Orleans.

OLEWEIN, IOWA'S, ATHLETE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

On another page we present a portrait of M. G. Albrook, the famous champion all-around athlete and pugilist of Iowa. Albrook has many admirers throughout the State, and has been victorious in numerous athletic andistic events.

SAN FRANCISCO'S WELL-KNOWN PED.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue we publish a photo of Thomas Howarth, the well-known pedestrian of San Francisco. Howarth has been very successful in the pedestrian arena on the Pacific Slope.

Life and Exploits of Bella Starr, the Famous Bandit Queen, Handsomely Illustrated. Now ready, price, 25 cents. RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.



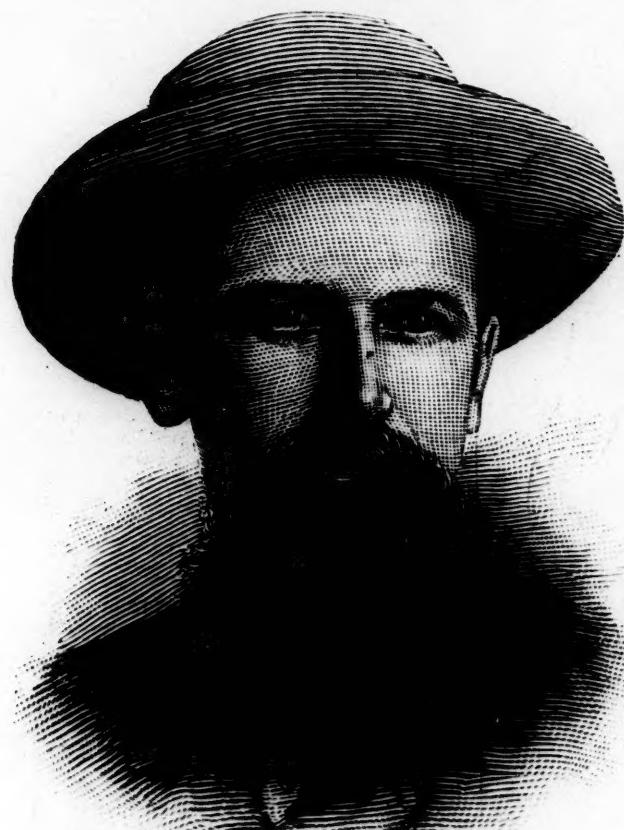
ACTOR ANDY HUGHES,
OF THE THEATRICAL FIRM OF ANDY AND ANNIE HUGHES, IRISH COMEDIANS.



WINSOME KATE DAVIS,
THE PRETTY ACTRESS WHO HAS JUST SIGNED FOR A SEASON ON THE "U. S. MAIL."

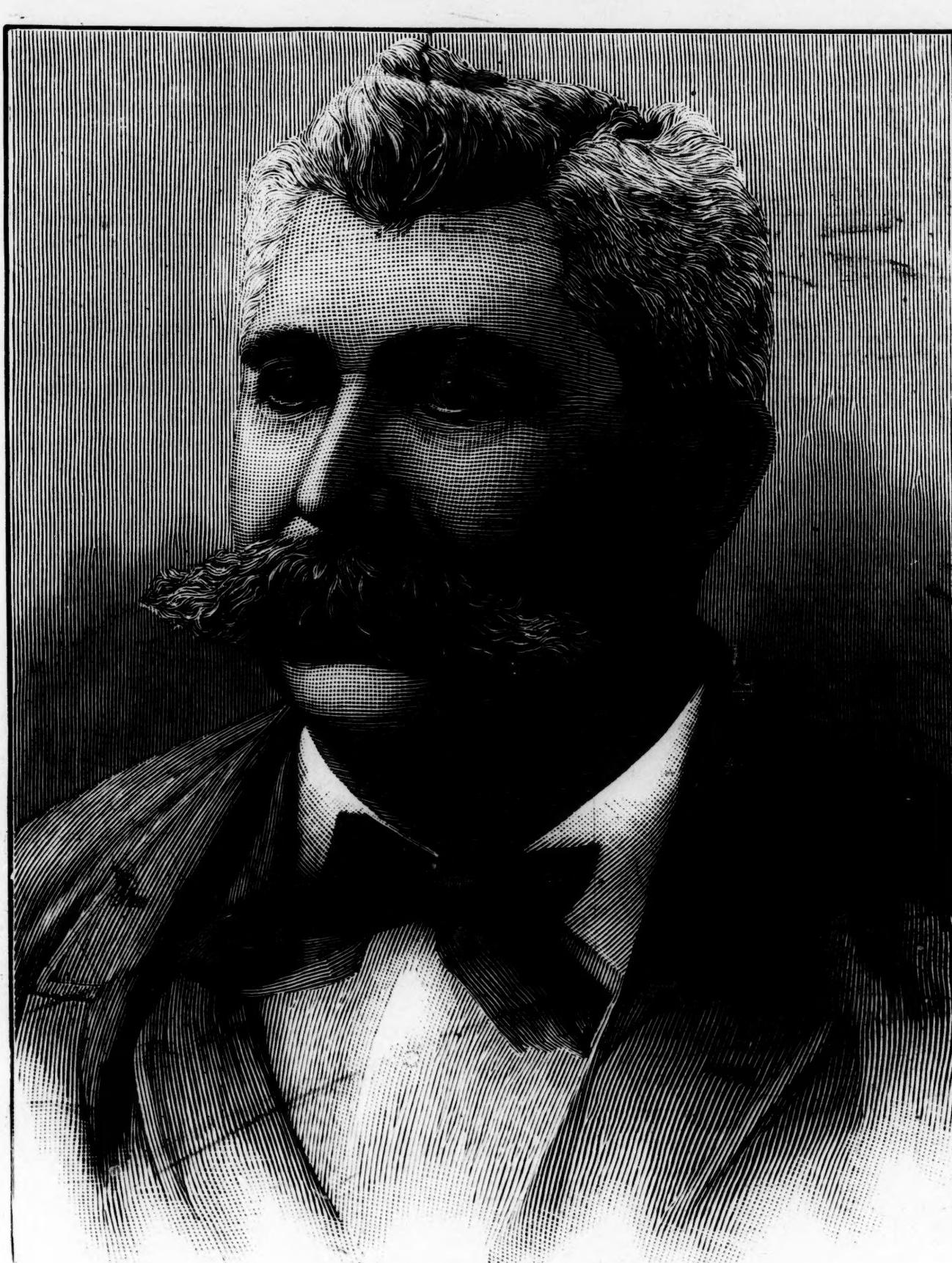


AN AUSTRALIAN THEATRICAL MANAGER.
WILLIAM H. MANNING, WHO HAS LED THE LARGEST AND
BEST ENGLISH COMBINATIONS TO SUCCESS.



PINE BLUFF'S CHIEF OF POLICE.

S. A. LEVY, THE EFFICIENT HEAD OF THE DEPARTMENT OF A
THRIVING AND GO-AHEAD ARKANSAS TOWN.



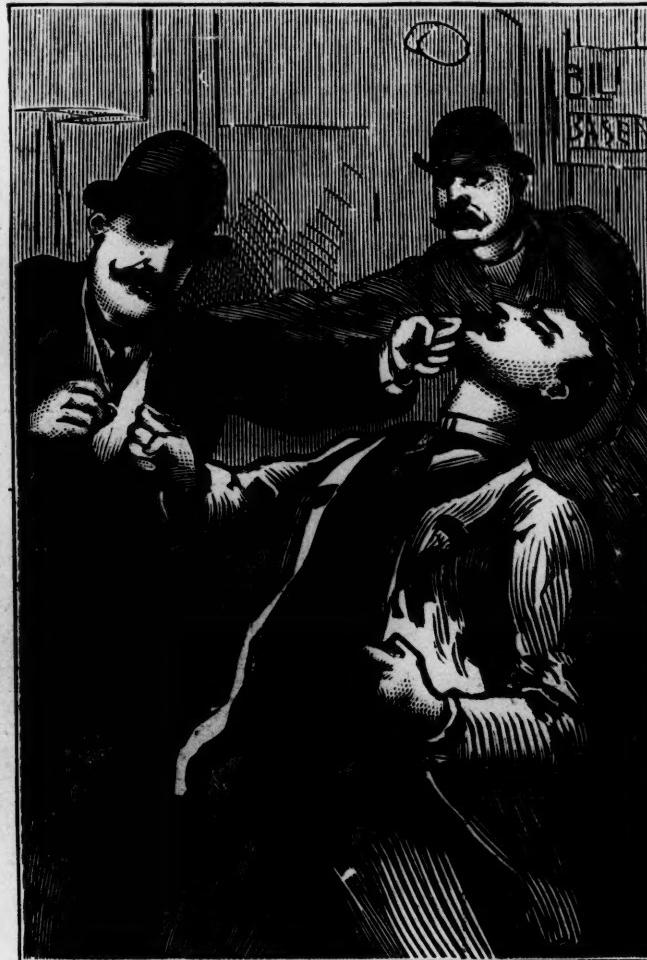
LONG ISLAND CITY'S MAYOR.

PATRICK JEROME GLEASON, ONE OF SEVEN STALWART BROTHERS, WHO HAS BECOME THE CHIEF EXECU-
TIVE OF THE LONG ISLAND TOWN.



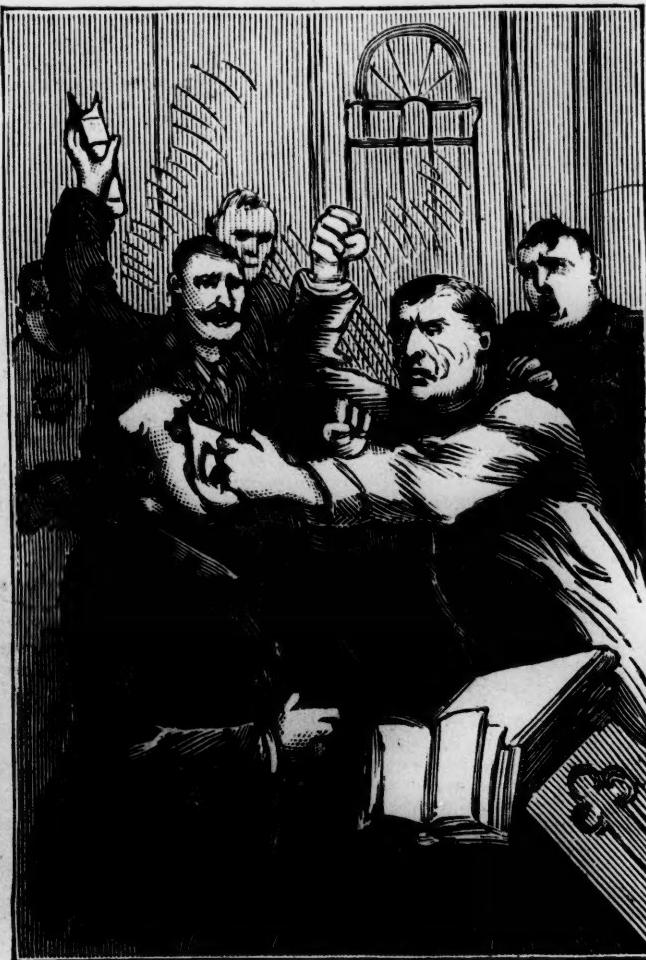
RATHER A QUEER CATCH.

WHAT A LONE FISHERMAN OF SPRINGFIELD, MASS., HAULED IN WHILE ANGLING FOR HIS BREAKFAST.



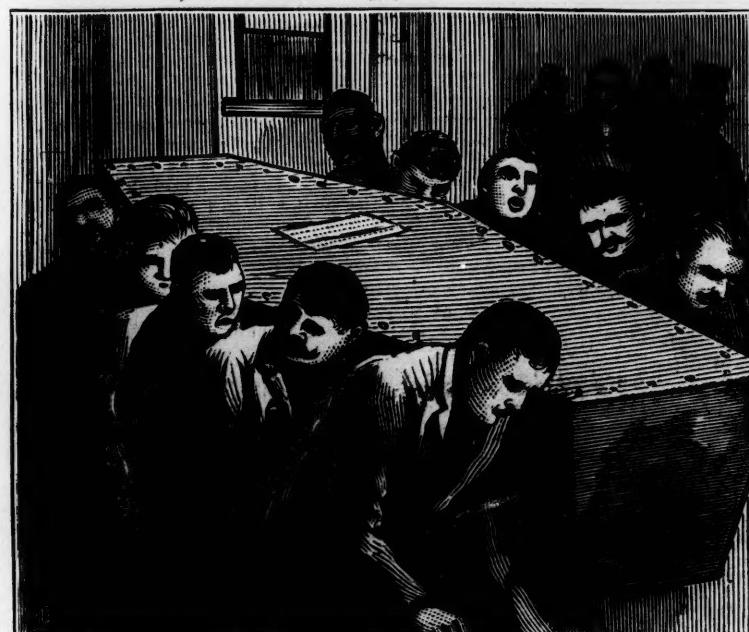
KILLED BY A SINGLE BLOW.

AN EX-COMMUNION OF FREEHOLD, N. J., STRIKES A YOUNG MAN UNDER THE CHIN AND HE DIES INSTANTLY.



A DANDY CHURCH MILL.

CONTENDING FACTIONS IN AN INDIANAPOLIS CHURCH BIFF EACH OTHER AND FLATTEN THE PARSON'S NOSE.



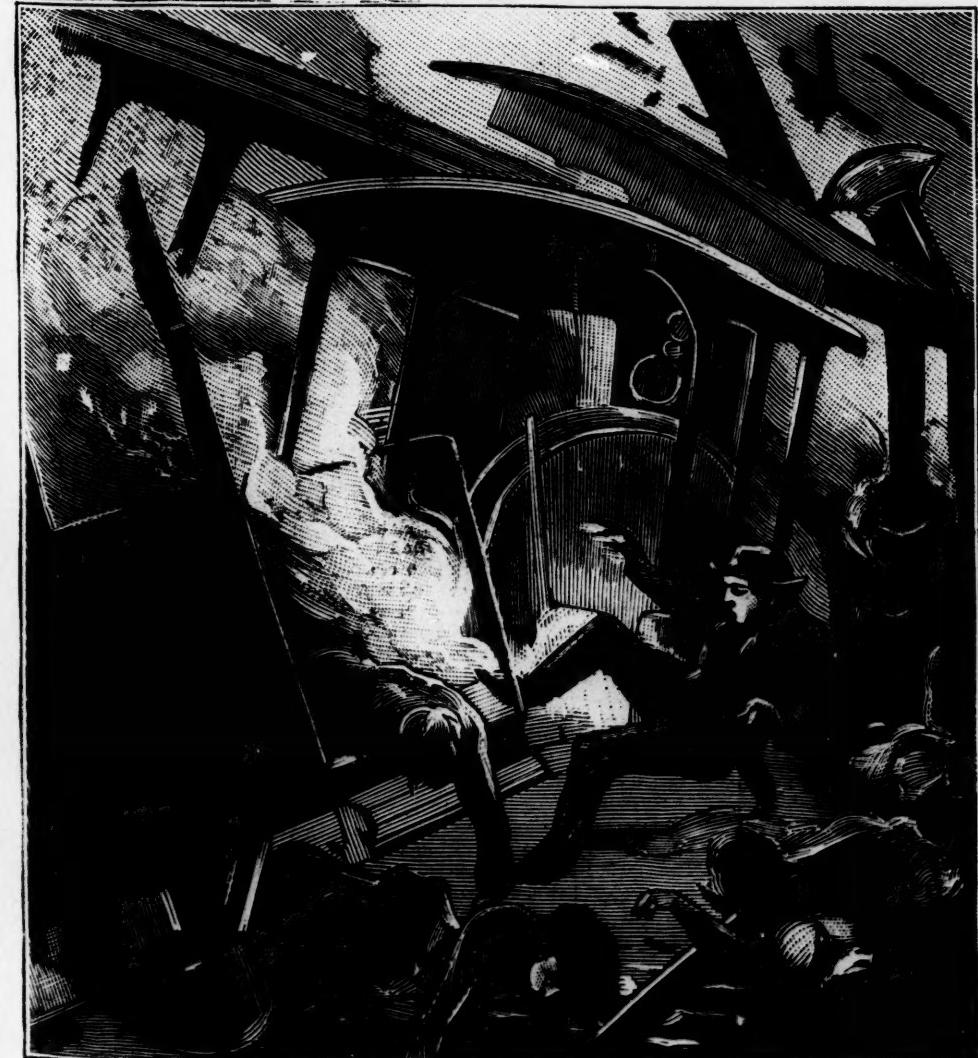
A MUSEUM FREAK'S FUNERAL.

WHEN LAURA WOLFORD, OF LAFAYETTE, IND., DIED TEN MEN WERE REQUIRED TO CARRY HER MAMMOTH COFFIN.



HER SIN CAUSED HER SUICIDE.

PRETTY EVA GUPPY, A SAN ANTONIO SCHOOL TEACHER, STRICKEN WITH REMORSE, DROWNS HER SORROWS IN THE RIVER.



FATAL RAILROAD COLLISION.

PASSENGERS KILLED AND WOUNDED ON THE ROME, WATERTOWN AND OGDENS-BURG RAILROAD AT FOREST LAWN, NEW YORK.



WHO HAD THE PISTOL?

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE C. BRADBURY FIGHT FOR THE POSSESSION OF A GUN IN THE FORMER'S RAILROAD OFFICE IN INDIANAPOLIS.

MARRIED ON THE SCOOT

A Loving Couple Tied Together
at the Rate of Two
Miles a Minute,

RIDING DOWN THE SWITCHBACK.

The "Police Gazette" Fiend Tells
Some Truths Regarding
the Region.

THE BURNING MINE YOUNG GIRL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Under the heading "Married on the Down Grade," the New York Sun, in the issue of Tuesday, August 13, tells the story of a romantic affair which occurred on the famous Switchback road in Mauch Chunk, on the previous Saturday night.

There had been a moonlight party on the Switchback, and just as the participants were about starting on the homeward journey down the mountain side two gentlemen and a lady approached Mr. Mumford, the proprietor of the Switchback, who was one of the excursionists, and asked permission to return with them. Said one of the gentlemen:

"This (introducing the blushing woman) is my prospective bride. About ten years ago we agreed that when we were married we would have the knot tied on the Switchback."

We had a lover's quarrel and I went to San Francisco. About a year ago we began corresponding again, and last night we determined to carry out our romantic intentions. We were going to wait until to-morrow, but what's the matter with our having it done by moonlight. Permit me to introduce you to my intended bride, Miss Nellie White of New York city. My name is John T. Longley, and I am at present residing in Philadelphia. My friend here is a

MAID OF HONOR THEO. L.
MUMFORD.

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GOING TO HEAVEN.

Justice of the Peace, and his wife and family are at present staying in Mauch Chunk."

The moonlight party thronged about the happy pair, and a return was made to the banquet, where all hands enjoyed an ante-nuptial supper. Then all boarded the car, and the prospective bridegroom shouted: "Now, let her go!" While the car was going at the rate of a mile in thirty seconds, and was making its circuitous dash along the edge of the precipice, fair Luna looked down and smiled on the fast-t marriage on record. Jolly Theodore L. Mumford was maid of honor, Mr. William C. Morris, Jr., gave the bride away. As the party climbed down the hill to lower Mauch Chunk the newly wedded pair were cheered to the echo, and the first lightning marriage of the Switchback was put on record.

It was my happy privilege to be a member of the aforesaid moonlight party, and I took occasion to make a sketch of the nuptials, which sketch will be found elsewhere. It was the first time I had ever witnessed a marriage on the Switchback, but I have witnessed many other queer scenes there.

Those who cannot enjoy a ride on the famous road to Heaven, and vice versa, should imagine, if they want to enjoy the ride by proxy, that they are being drawn at an angle of forty-five degrees into angel-land by means of a cable attached to a summer excursion car.

BRIDESMAID HENRY MUMFORD, with the other end hitched to the moon. Then you slide up hill as nicely as if the basement of your

trousers were greased. When you get on top of Mount Pisgah you are fifteen hundred feet in the air, and you can look over the fence and see the little angels playing tag and the older angels playing penochle for schooners of bright sparkling water without any stick in it.

Then Proprietor Mumford, who is usually on hand, and his brother Henry, who is his right bower, give the word, and you sashay around the mountain top. The brakes are given a day off, and down you scoot, losing all your back hair and teeth in transit and enveloping enough pure mountain air to start a balloon foundry. You arrive at the bottom of another sky-piercing mountain—Mount Jefferson—and then, by means of another cable, which is always on tap at this point, you again do the moon act until you are sixteen hundred feet above the Atlantic Ocean, and then again you are let loose and are again treated to a scooterance until Summit Hill is reached. Then several surprises greet the excursionist.

If the visitor is a strict Prohibitionist, Eagle Hotel Pure Mountain dew, dished up in the orthodox black bottle and guaranteed not to produce snakes, can be had from the stalwart ball-tossing member of the bar in charge. Mountain game such as birds of Paradise fly through the windows and can be knocked over with an umbrella. This is shot down into the Burning Mines, a half mile from the hotel, by means of pneumatic tubes, and in two minutes is returned to the table, steaming hot, with side dishes to match.

The Burning Mines referred to caught fire over fifty years ago. It is thought that they were conflagrated by a lighted cigarette, as a large-sized cane and a skull the size of a collar button, very much like that of a dude,



LUNCHING ON A CLOUD.



IN THE BURNING MINE.

was found near one of the chambers. The fire and smoke crops out at hundreds of places around the landscape, and camping parties cook their meals on the steam.

The superstitious believe that this is the entrance to Hades, and that his Satanic Majesty has a baseball nine under ground that makes it warm for the constantly incoming nines.

Within calling distance of the Burning Mines is the Ice Cave. Here, sparkling cold aqua pura is kept always on tap, and after the visitor gets baked in the mines and thinks what a nice place they would be for the city coal dealer who charges steen dollars for a ton of painted stones and slate, he can cross the road and scratch his back with an icicle, and sing praises to the town iceman, even if the latter does measure his winter fruit through a button-hole and charge a dollar for it.

The Burning Mine and Ice Cave make it convenient for the natives of Mauch Chunk, and the American Hotel is heated and served with ice water from these two freaks of nature by means of pipes run through the mountain. The Lehigh Railroad Company also uses steam for its engines and ice water for its cars served in the same way.

I could tell of other curiosities of this startling region, but fear that the POLICE GAZETTE readers might imagine that I am a descendant of Ananias and Sapphira, who got sent to the boogaboo place for monkeying with the truth.

The return to Summit Hill is made on foot or in a carriage if one is wealthy and has the dyspepsia. Then the cars are again boarded, the brakes are let go, Gallagher, and the homeward journey is made. It was on this homeward bound journey that the marriage ceremony referred to in the first stanza of my hymnlet was performed.

The cars scooted around turns at the edge of a steep

decency, around the surface of which the Lehigh River and the Lehigh Valley Railroad wind their circuitous course, and the male and female-folks had to have a rope tied to their breaths to keep them for future use. Old Boy Moon winked at the wedding party, and promised to keep it dark as soon as the next cloud came along. The wind blew through the whiskers of the maid of honor and put another kink in the hair of the bridesmaid, and the Justice of the Peace swallowed a bat and bawled white endeavoring to lead in prayer. The car proceeded so quickly that the sound reached the hind end of the car before the bride had really said, "I take this man to be my lawfully wedded husband," or words to that effect, and in consequence the men on the rear seats dodged, imagining that the bride was talking about them.

It is safe to say that that bride was married quicker than any bride on record, and as soon as the knot had



GOING TO THE OTHER PLACE.

been securely tied she was kissed by the ladies of the party until the moon's mouth watered to such an extent that the roofs of the houses several hundred feet below, in Mauch Chunk, glistened with dew and the Lehigh Valley bulged over the d—s.

The last we saw of them the lightning groom and bride were tucking themselves under the covers of a sleeper on a Valley train and were soon whizzing Niagara Fallsward.

It is a wonder to me that the Mauch Chunk girls don't get out a patent for this brand of Switchback nuptials. They are enlivening, romantic and novel.

And now a word about the Mauch Chunk girls. Bred on pure mountain air drawn from the hills, they can't help being pretty, luscious and entrancing. Nearly all of them wear glasses. The hills are so high that they become near-sighted looking to the top of them, and the glasses give them a distinguished and learned appearance that is not worn by a girl who has only an every-day, common pair of eyes to wink at fellows with. The brisk country air renders them somewhat chilly, and, consequently, unapproachable, but when the icy barrier is once broken they are cosey and companionable, and just fit in the arm-chair with the lover of their choice.

This fact led me to indite the following poem while I was up there:

Here's to the Mauch Chunk girl!
The Burning Mine young girl!
The huggable, twinkling and really bewitching,
The dare-devil Switchback girl!
But durn the Ice Cave young girl!
The cold-blooded, naive, young girl,
The billious and keep-off-the-grass-supercilious,
The touch-not-the-plants young girl!

As the Grand Jury was not in session the "poem" was the only thing indited.

QUEVEDO.

THE BOY EXPLODED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

One afternoon recently a number of the young men and boys of Brownsville, Me., gathered at the village play-grounds and started a game of ball. It had progressed for several innings when fourteen-year-old Edgar S. Howard went to the bat. The first ball pitched hit him in the stomach, and the spectators were horrified to hear a loud report and to see the boy enveloped in smoke. An examination proved that the boy had had a dynamite cap in his pocket, which the ball had hit, causing the cap to explode. At last accounts he was alive, but not expected to live.

RATHER A QUEER CATCH.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A Springfield, Mass., boy named Clancy, who lives on Liberty street, was fishing in the river one morning recently at the back of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, near the Worthington street sewer outlet, when he felt a sudden tug at his line. Thinking he had caught a big fish, he pulled in with all his might, and to his astonishment and horror he found—not a fish, but the body of an infant on his hook. He at once dropped the line and ran and told the police. The body proved to be that of a girl baby. Its presence in the river cannot be accounted for.

THEY MIGHT HAVE SAVED HIM.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

While a woman was walking along the road which leads from Rondout, N. Y., to Steep Rock, recently, she saw a young man about twenty-five years old hanging by a rope from a limb of a tree. His legs and arms were twitching, and the woman ran to a brick yard near by and called some men. When they arrived the man was still alive, but they refused to cut the rope, saying they had no right to do so, and that the coroner should be summoned. The suicide is unknown, but the name of Fromer was found on his shirt.

THE COMING BIG FIGHT.

Preparations for the Le Blanche-Dempsey Match in California.

WHAT THE TWO MEN ARE DOING.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 19.—Theistic encounter between Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil and middle-weight champion of America, and George Le Blanche, the Marine, who are to battle for \$5,500 in the California Athletic Club gymnasium on Aug. 27, is creating considerable interest, not only in this city, but in all parts of the United States, owing to the high position that both hold in prize-ring circles. The battle will be fought with 4-ounce gloves, and revised Queensberry rules will govern, which are the same as the "Police Gazette" code of rules, which means that either one or the other must conquer or be conquered.

Sporting men here have wagered considerable money on the chances of Le Blanche winning, but odds have been laid on Dempsey at \$100 to \$75 and \$100 to \$50.

The Marine has gone through a severe routine of training under the mentorship of Prof. John Donaldson, Joe Bowers, Billy Murphy, Joe Chojinski, Paddy Gorman, Joe McAuliffe and Con Riordan, all of whom give him an occasional lift as they are all working at the Dexter Cottage where the men exercise, and if condition is to decide the battle, Le Blanche will have no excuse to make on that score.

Since the Marine made his headquarters at Dexter's, at Sausalito, which is owned by John Furgason of the "A. B. C." of this city and run by Charlie Dexter, he has spent most of the hours laid out for hard work by long walks and twenty-mile runs, fighting the bag and constant use of the dumbbells. He weighed nearly 170 pounds when he commenced work, and it was his calculation and his trainer's desire that he should enter the ring weighing 158 pounds, which is the middle-weight limit for glove fights according to Queensberry rules.

Many correspondents erroneously state that Dempsey and Le Blanche are contending for the middle-weight championship of the world, which is not the case, for, in the first place, they are not limited to the championship scale of weights, which is 154 pounds. Then again, they are to use gloves, which are barred in all battles for either the feather, light, middle or heavy weight championship. Should Le Blanche defeat Dempsey, which does not appear probable, yet it may be possible, Dempsey will still remain the middle-weight champion of America, which title he won fighting Johnny Reagan, of New York, according to London prize-ring rules, without gloves, for \$2,000, the "Police Gazette" champion belt and the championship of the world.

A well-known sporting man here, who is on the inside, says the betting members of the California Athletic Club lost what they won on Peter Jackson's defeat of Patsy Cardiff by backing Johnny Griffin to conquer Billy Murphy, and to recover their losses they made big investments on the Australian feather-weight to defeat Frank Murphy, putting up their money on the form the Australian made with Griffin, and they had the Australian backed at 2 to 1 and put out so many big commissions that many supposed the battle was over before it was fought. What a narrow escape they had of again being heavy losers every one is now aware, for if the battle had not been postponed Frank Murphy would have won and they would have lost heavily.

There is nothing significant about many of the members of the California Club betting on Dempsey. He is an attaché of the club; he is, judging by records and performances in the aggregate, the best man to speculate on; every one believes he is invincible, in spite of the great set-back Prof. Mike Donovan, of the New York Athletic Club, gave him, which, to a pugilist of Dempsey's position, was equivalent to defeat, and those who speculate on the turf and prize ring, and they count thousands, should back Dempsey on his old form.

The Nonpareil has but just arrived and is exercising at the Neptune Gardens, Alameda, of which J. G. Croll is proprietor. Denny Costigan is looking after him. From reports received here, Dempsey has been hard at work, and has not left any stone unturned in order to be in first-class trim. He expects to weigh about 160 pounds, and will probably have Denny Costigan and Tom Cleary, or else Dave Campbell, attend him in the ring. Dempsey believes he will win easily. He says Le Blanche is an awkward boxer, but he is strong and game, and that he will face Le Blanche with the determination that he will have to stay in the ring a long time if he finds that he cannot knock him out in the first few rounds.

AMUEL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Frank Faber, was born in Baltimore, Md., in 1857, and is six feet in height, and weighs 172 pounds. He was taught boxing by Prof. Wm. Miller, when he was instructor of the Baltimore Athletic Club. Faber received a college education, but mercantile pursuits were too confining for him, so he took to athletic sports some six years ago. For the past four years he has taught the manly art at Brockton, Mass., and has met in that time Lannon, Godfrey, Ashton, Steve Taylor, and a number of others in friendly bouts. Faber is not a fighter but a boxer, and as such has been credited as being one of the most scientific in New England.

KILLED BY A SINGLE BLOW.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Charles Baggett and a friend entered a hotel at Freehold, N. J., and going to the bar each had a drink. They started to leave the hotel, when they met Asher Haggerty. Baggett and Haggerty hit Baggett under the chin, killing him almost instantly.

A HUMAN PINCUSHION.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Elsewhere we present a picture of Prof. F. Franklin, of Chicago, who has created a sensation by his wonderful feat of pressing needles into his lips, ears, nose and tongue. Prof. Franklin also displays great strength at lifting anvils.

Life and Exploits of Bella Starr, the Famous Bandit Queen, Handsomely Illustrated. Now ready, price 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

JUST LIKE OUT WEST.

Footpads Tackle a Broadway,
N. Y., Banker and
Hold Him Up.

JESSE JAMES OUTDONE.

One of the Marauders Escapes,
But the Other Is
Gathered.

HIS ADDRESS WILL BE SING SING.

New York city, on Tuesday, Aug. 13, had a seance that was worthy of possession of a frontier town. It was a seance that Jesse James, Jack Keith or any Western desperado might well have been proud of—not less than an attempted robbery by footpads with the accompaniment of loaded revolvers, "hold up your hands," shooting, etc., and all on Broadway, in open daylight.

For the past sixteen years Mr. G. Loeb has been dealing in foreign and domestic money in lower Broadway. His office for some time past has been in the basement of 69. It is in the Arcade building, which boasts, among other tenants, the Union Trust Company, the Manhattan Elevated Railroad Company and

Mr. Jay Gould. Perhaps the robbers came there after Mr. Gould.

The entrance to Mr. Loeb's office was down a flight of seven steps. At the bottom of the steps the double doors were kept wide open in warm weather. The show window is protected by a frail wire netting a foot high only. The counter is about seven feet long. For six days in the week and eight and a half hours in the day Mr. Loeb can be found on the other side of the counter, and his assistant attending to the books and correspondence is usually handy by at the counter, a little further back, where he has a glass frame before him with a window in it. Between Mr. Loeb and this assistant, and under the counter, is a cash drawer with no bell on it.

Mr. Loeb had always kept his cash for business purposes in that drawer until the Monday preceding the day referred to. The cash in the window was merely his sign. But then Mr. Loeb decided to stack his business cash—the cash he used in money changing—on a narrow shelf behind him. He thought it would help to make the place attractive, and so it did.

Very few people walked up Broadway without seeing the two shining heaps of coin and the wall of foreign bank bills around them in Mr. Loeb's window. The window presented a curious and pleasing spectacle to the pedestrian—curious because the money displayed was of unknown value to the great majority of the spectators. Mr. Loeb was accustomed to having people stop at the rail in front of the window and stare. In consequence he paid no attention to those who stopped. So it happened that he never noticed two well-dressed young men who tarried about there now and then last week, but that two young men had been doing so, and had been watching his transaction of business, was apparent.

They had observed that Mr. Loeb's office was run methodically—that the assistant, for instance, went

rapidly, but that is not an unusual circumstance in lower Broadway.

The moment they reached the floor Mr. Loeb happened to turn his eyes toward the show window. When he next looked toward the young men he found himself looking square in the muzzle of a 44-calibre revolver.

"Throw up yer hands," said the nice young man with the revolver, and Mr. Loeb made a Y of himself instantly, but instead of standing there, as the robber expected him to do, he jumped to the right and fell up against the show window. There he began to bang the show window with his knuckles and call for help.

Exasperated at this, the robber with the revolver said: "D—n you, shut up," and at the same moment pulled the trigger of his revolver. The ball cut away a fold of Mr. Loeb's shirt over his shoulder and buried itself in the wooden frame beneath the show window.

Meantime the other robber had run around the end of the counter to the old money drawer. He pulled open the drawer with a jerk. It was empty.

"There is no money here," he said, and it was at that moment that the other man fired at Loeb.

The pile of coins and bills on the narrow shelf was in plain sight and in easy reach, but the cries of Loeb, the noise he made on the window and the report of the revolver were concentrating the throngs on Broadway at the head of the stairs. The robber behind the counter fled around to the front, and the two men rushed up the stairway, the one with his big pistol in hand. The concentrated throng disintegrated willingly from in front of that pistol, and let both men



through. They ran up to the corner and turned down Rector street, and for a moment seemed safe from pursuit. Policeman William Moody had heard the shot fired, and came running to see what was the matter. The bystanders told which way the men had fled, and Moody ran down Rector street flying. The two men had separated at Church street, one going up Church while the other continued on down to Greenwich, ran around the corner, stopped, turned back, and walked deliberately around the corner to Rector street. The policeman ran plumb into him before he could stop.

"What's the matter?" said the man. The policeman put handcuffs on him for a reply. "He was all beat out running, his face was red, and he was panting like a dog, I knew him instantly," said Moody afterward. "The next thing he said was, 'I didn't do it.' 'Oh, you didn't,' said I. Then I put my hand in his hip pocket, and there was the pistol

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The prisoner was searched at the Church street station and a one-dollar bill of good money and a counterfeit bill of \$100 denomination were found on him besides some other papers which the police refuse to describe, because they say that these papers will enable them to capture the other robber.

The prisoner said he was William Trainor, twenty-three years old, of 155 East Thirty-third street. He was taken to Police Headquarters, where he became a centre of unusual interest. Nobody knew him, and he would tell nothing about himself. He was then taken before Justice Hogan, at the Tombs, and remanded.

Trainor is rather under the medium height, has blue eyes, black hair and a black mustache that curls at the ends, and is broad and flat across the cheek bones.

He had on a good-looking suit of clothes, with a clean white shirt, a Piccadilly collar and a lavender tie.

The house at 155 East Thirty-third street is run as a lodging house. It is a four-story red brick. The landlady said that Trainor came there two weeks ago with another young man and took the rear room on the first floor. Neither of them had any baggage. They paid their room rent each week in advance. They were quiet, and, so far as she knew, came in early

Elegant Colored Cabinet Photographs of Actresses. Size, $\frac{1}{4}$ by $\frac{1}{2}$, \$1.50 per dozen, assorted. No orders received for less than one dozen. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York

every night. She did not know the other young man's name, she said.

Later on Detective Cosgrove, of the Second precinct, went up to 155 East Thirty-third street and arrested Philip P. Stack, eighteen years old, upon suspicion of being the companion of Trainor. Mr. Loeb, however, could not identify him, and he was released. He admitted that he was a room-mate of Trainor, but knew nothing of his friend's escapade.

NARRAGANSETT'S "PEEPING TOM."

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The male guests of one of the leading Narragansett hotels have been poking fun at one of their number, the son of a well-known New Yorker, who is noted for his dandish way and love for questionable women, because of an "accident" which happened to him recently, and this is the story: While one of our New York society queens was disrobing for her bath in the surf, and while at that point of the proceedings when her personal attire was nearly identical with that of Mother Eve's, she espied an eye applied to a crack in the door of her bath house. Hastily donning her bathing costume she opened the door, just in time to find the before-mentioned youth arising from the stooping posture in which he had been admiring her charms. Now, this is happens that this young lady is one of the most athletic females in New York society, being devoted to all kinds of sport, so that she found no difficulty in seizing her puny, cigarette-smoking admirer, and, seating herself on a stool, she yanked him across her knee and administered a spanking which he will not soon forget—at any rate, as long as he finds it necessary to eat his meals perpendicularly. It is perhaps not necessary to add that he no longer finds pleasure in seeking to view the hidden charms of his female friends.



A DANDY CHURCH MILL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

For some time past there has been bad blood among the congregation of the Mount Zion Baptist Church of Indianapolis, Ind., over Elder Morton, their pastor, the congregation being about equally divided in opposing and supporting him. The trustees recently ordered him locked out of the church, and this led to his resignation. When Elder Williams got up to conduct service, on the following Sunday, one of the deacons declared he should not occupy the pulpit. The elder replied that he was there to preach the Gospel, and he would do it if he had to fight. At this a regular rough-and-tumble fight commenced, and the brethren punched each other's heads in great style for at least fifteen minutes. During the several rounds the pastor's nose was mashed. Warrants were sworn out the next morning by the contending factions for the arrest of each other on the charge of assault and battery and disturbing the peace.

THE VILLAIN SHOOTS.

Andy Hughes, of the firm of Andy and Annie Hughes, is probably one of the best known Irish comedians in America and Europe. His fame has reached all parts of the globe. Coming from the best part of Ireland, it is only fair to assume that he is a comedian of much ability. Andy, with his small but clever wife, Annie, have been doing sketches for many years and with only the best of combinations. For several seasons Andy headed a specialty company of his own, which resulted in more profit to the performers than it did to proprietor. The latest move Andy has done was to open a cabaret up town, where he hopes to meet his friends. However, Andy will not give up his business. Andy is a genial and affable gentleman, and has many friends both in and out of the profession.

THE FOOTPADS ESCAPE.

IKE LURIE WINS.

Result of a Fight Over a Louisiana State Lottery Prize.

On July 24 the following dispatch was sent from Chicago by the Associated Press and published in the papers throughout the country:

CHICAGO, July 24.—Last week Lena Lurie, a Polish Jewess, secured an injunction restraining Lazarus Silverman, the banker, from turning over to Ike or Robert Lurie more than half of a \$15,000 prize drawn on a winning lottery ticket. Mrs. Lurie claimed that Robert and Ike, her cousins, were attempting to cheat her out of a half interest which she owned in the ticket, she having bought it on shares with Robert. This morning State's Attorney Longenecker filed an information in the Superior Court asking that the entire prize be declared forfeited to the State. This action is brought under an express provision of the statute to that end, and is the first of the kind filed in this county. An injunction was at once granted restraining the banker from paying over the money to any of the claimants.

Curious to know the result of this most peculiar and interesting legal complication a *Traveler* reporter interviewed the disputants in this complicated case, and from the conflicting statements has deduced the following as what he believes to be the truth: It seems that Ike Lurie, a watchmaker in the employ of his cousin, Robert Lurie, at 121 West Madison street, Chicago, purchased of a fellow-countryman one-twentieth of ticket No. 42,758, which drew the first capital prize of \$300,000 in the July 18th drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery Company. At the same time Mrs. Lena Lurie, wife of Ike Lurie's employer, purchased in partnership with Robert Lurie, second (Ike Lurie's brother) one-twentieth of ticket No. 42,767. The purchases were made of the same party, and, as far as can be learned, were distinct and separate. Mrs. Lena Lurie having no interest whatever in Ike Lurie's purchase. So soon as the report of the drawing was received showing that the ticket of Ike Lurie had drawn the snug sum of \$15,000 Mrs. Lena Lurie made claim to a half interest in the same, and secured an injunction restraining Lazarus Silverman, the banker, in whose hands Ike Lurie had placed the ticket for collection, from paying to Ike or Robert Lurie more than one-half of the \$15,000 drawn on the winning ticket. At this juncture the State of Illinois, in the person of State's Attorney Longenecker, took a hand in the game, and asked the Superior Court to declare the entire prize forfeited to the State, under the statute made and provided in such cases. An injunction was granted restraining the banker from paying the cash to any of the claimants, but for some reason the last injunction is inoperative, for Ike Lurie is now in possession of his \$15,000, and has gone to the seashore to enjoy a portion of his strangely and suddenly acquired wealth. Upon his return to Chicago Ike and his brother Robert will engage in the jewelry business in an establishment of their own.—*Chicago (Ill.) Arkansas Traveler*, Aug. 10.

"HOLD UP YOUR HANDS!"

THE OMNIBUS STAKES.

Ten Thousand Spectators Witness Longstreet Scoop 'Em in.

GARRISON NOW IN THE ASCENDANT.

The great turf event known as the Omnibus Stakes was run at Monmouth Park on Aug. 13, and brought out all the crack three-year-olds in this country. Over

10,000 spectators assembled to witness the race. Nearly one million dollars was invested on the race by turf speculators, and the bulk of the money went on Salvator, the favorite, and Proctor Knott.

The race was run, and, for the second time, the Dwyer Brothers own the winner of the Omnibus Stakes. Had the track become muddy, nothing could have beaten Proctor Knott. He was in grand form and ran a good race, fully confirming all that Bryant said before the race: "I have no excuse to make. My horse is fit for a good race."

Nor did the old man wilt much after the race; for, although downcast at the defeat of his pet and the loss of the thousands of dollars that success would have brought him, he could only say: "I have no excuse; I am beaten, but will hit again," by the latter meaning that he will yet have another try.

The pace was fast from the start, as the time shows, the half being covered in 51 $\frac{1}{4}$, the three-quarters in 1:18 $\frac{1}{4}$, the mile in 1:34 and the mile and a quarter in 2:09 $\frac{1}{4}$. This is 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ seconds better than the previous best for the Omnibus Stakes, viz., Drake Carter's 2:38 $\frac{1}{4}$ with 115 pounds in 1883.

Dwyer Bros.' b c Longstreet, by Longfellow, dam Semper Idem, 115..... Garrison 1
Scoggin & Co.'s ch g Proctor Knott, by Luke Blackburn, dam Tallapoosa, 120..... Murphy 2
J. B. Haggins' ch c Buddhist, by Prince Charlie, dam Salina, 125..... McLoughlin 3
S. R. Brown's b c Buddhist, 113..... Hamilton 0
McClelland & Co.'s b f The Licness, 108..... Anderson 0
A. J. Cassatt's b c Eric, 123..... Hayward 0
Santa Anita Stable's ch c Caliente, 115..... Barnes 0
Time—2:36 $\frac{1}{4}$. Betting—Even money Salvator, 3 to 1 Proctor Knott, 5 to 1 Longstreet, 6 to 1 Buddhist, 25 to 1 Eric, 40 to 1 The Lioness and 50 to 1 Caliente. For a place—5 to 1 on Salvator even money Proctor Knott, 25 to 1 Longstreet, 2 to 1 Buddhist, 5 to 1 Eric and 15 to 1 Caliente. Gleason's "one-two-three"—6 to 1 on Salvator, 5 to 2 on Proctor Knott, 5 to 3 on Longstreet, 5 to 4 on Buddhist, 2 to 1 against Eric, 4 to 1 Caliente, 6 to 1 The Lioness.

The winner—Longstreet—is not altogether a stranger to New York race-goers. He was bred by Mr. C. B. Hawkins at Medway, Ky., and was bought a yearling by the Dwyers for \$2,350. He ran three times as a two-year-old, winning a purse for maidens at the Brooklyn track in August. This year, not including the above race, he had started twelve times, winning a purse for all ages at the Brooklyn meeting in May, the Equality stakes at Sheepshead Bay in June, the Stevens stakes at Monmouth in July and a purse race at Saratoga last Thursday, immediately after which he was shipped to Monmouth, where he started last Saturday in the Choice stakes, finishing last of four, with Tenny winning by half a dozen lengths. Gross value of the Omnibus Stakes, \$21,045.

ISAAC MURPHY.

month, where he started last Saturday in the Choice stakes, finishing last of four, with Tenny winning by half a dozen lengths. Gross value of the Omnibus Stakes, \$21,045.

WINSOME KATE DAVIS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Kate Davis is a Boston young lady, and this is her seventh season upon the stage. While a child she displayed wonderful powers mimicking sounds, and this natural gift, coupled with her remarkable voice, caused a wealthy gentleman of her native city to take such interest in her that he sent her to a boarding school, where she studied for five years, and afterward to the Boston School of Oratory, where she took two years' course, and became a public reader. Then Miss Davis went under the management of Miss Ober, and remained under Miss Ober's management in the "Boston Ideals." Her next engagement was leading lady for Dan Maginnis, in his starring tour; then with Hanlon's "Fantasma" for three seasons, and two seasons with Hoyt's "Fin Soldier." Miss Davis has just signed with Geo. C. Jenkins for an Irish part in his "U. S. Mail." The part requires pathos as well as comedy, and she is much pleased with next season's prospects.

Send 25 cents for Life and Battles of Jack Dempsey, Champion Middle-Weight of the World. RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.



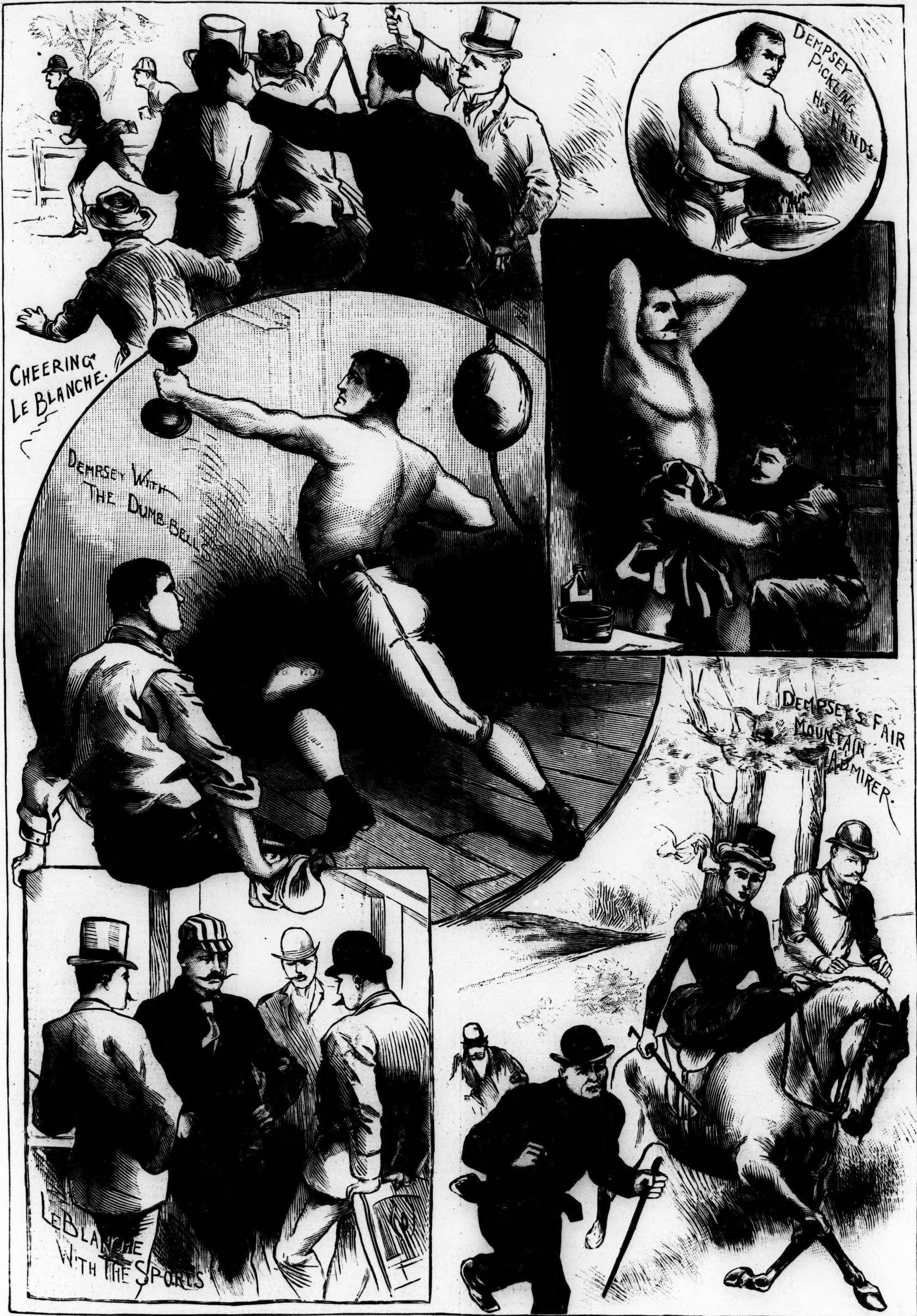
JAKE KILRAIN ARRESTED.

GATHERED IN BY SERGT. TONER OF THE BALTIMORE POLICE ON A REQUISITION BY GOV. LOWRY OF MISSISSIPPI.



MARRIED ON THE SWITCHBACK.

THE NOVEL AND ROMANTIC NUPTIALS OF JOHN T. LONGLEY AND NELLIE WHITE AT MAUCH CHUNK, PA.



PREPARING FOR THE BIG MATCH.

DEMPSEY AND LE BLANCHE GETTING THEMSELVES IN CONDITION FOR THE CONTEST ON
AUG. 27, IN THE CALIFORNIA ATHLETIC CLUB ROOMS.

"I WANT TO GO HOME."

A Ball Player Gets Tired and Takes French Leave.

JACK McMASTERS HEARS MUSIC.

Some of these gilt-edged players are not quite such brilliant stars as they were supposed. When the gilt begins to chip off, the inferior metal is generally exposed.

Many a mamma's darling gets into the baseball business, and little "Sammy" Shaw, of Baltimore, is one of that class. He was engaged with the Burlington, Iowa, baseball club, and played with them till he got home sick.

Then he got a pain in his little stomach and started for home without even saying good-bye to anybody. He was very sick when one of the officers of the club collared him in the railroad depot. Although about one hundred dollars ahead of the club on the question of salary, he had nerve enough to tell his superior officer that he liked the town very well, and if,

well enough next year will be back to play again with the club.

Jack McMasters, the well-known trainer of the Brooklyn club, is something of a fisherman, and during the absence West of the Brooklyn club he is spending his vacation with Capt. Fowler, at Sheephead Bay. The captain owns a beautiful yacht, and has been engaged for the past thirty years in taking fishing parties, nearly every day, out to sea. Jack travels as the captain's mate, and consequently gets out with a party every day without any cost to himself. A week or two of such work, however, rather ups Jack, who is not experienced as a sailor. He came back quite late one night very weary, and had to leave again before daylight the next day. Along about 2 o'clock next morning he was aroused from sleep by a young lady singing at the top of her voice and pounding upon a piano. He thought it was the most harmonious music he had ever heard, but, at the same time, thought it an unseasonable hour for her to be arousing the whole neighborhood. He called up the captain and his amiable wife and inquired if that music could not be stopped. The captain replied: "Why, Jack, there is not a piano within five miles of this house." Jack became very indignant at the captain's remark, but his anger cooled off when an investigation showed that it was Mike Murphy, who keeps a saloon opposite the Brooklyn baseball ground, snoring in the next room.

All close men in the baseball business. Mr. Whittaker, the treasurer of the Athletic club, takes the cake. He is despised by all of the magnates of the American Association, and recently he added the crowning blow by refusing to refund the money taken in at the grand stand, or even give rain checks, and half the people who paid the general admission were allowed to hurry home through the rain without their money or its equivalent. What was worse than all is the fact that the game had not even been started. It was simply dirty work and a trick that not only drew forth the contempt of the baseball public of Philadelphia, but a transaction that will prove ruinous to the business of the club in the future. It is well enough to be a hog, but it is biting off more than you can chew when you undertake to swallow the whole earth.

A ball player cannot last forever, no matter how good he may have been in his younger days. There was a time when "Jimmy" Peoples did not ask odds from any man behind the bat. He was not only a first-class catcher, but he could line a ball to the bases as though it were shot out of a cannon. He was also a good batter and a fine base runner. However, "Jimmy," like many other ball players, has seen his best days. He not only got too stout to play ball, but he threw his arm out. Eventually this compelled him to retire from diamond field. Peoples is not one of the kind to remain idle. It did not take him long to get into other business. He now

furnishing the baseball trade with their cigars and smoking tobacco.

Mr. R. M. Herrington, Manager Johnstown Baseball Club—

Seeing your advertisement about your grounds being swept away by the flood, and that your club wants to make a trip, we, the press gang, have simply to say that we are your muton.

Our grounds, like yours, were swept away, but that was done through the foreclosure of a big mortgage, and not by the bursting of a private fishing pond.

The best terms we can offer you is the entire gate receipts, and we will secure hotel accommodations for you on Chatham street at the rate of five cents a meal and five cents a night for your room, thus giving you three substantial meals and a night's lodging for twenty cents. So see the nine men, yourself as well, could live in luxury on two dollars a day while in this city.

There is just such a thing as a baseball player getting too much rest, and, from present indications, that is the trouble with Petty, of the Cincinnati club. The management wanted to get him in thorough condition, so they left him at home on full pay while the club was away from home on a trip.

Petty, however, misundertood the object of the directory and imagined that he was only being paid his salary for amusement; and to him the summer was to be one grand, glorious holiday. The fact is that when he was called into service again his clothing was all mildewed, and he became so tired waiting for his turn at the bat that he is said to have fallen asleep on the bench, in presence of the entire assemblage. We cannot vouch for this, but would rather believe it than hunt after the proof.

The tallenders are now getting in their good work, and they are playing havoc with the leaders.

Latham is a natural clown, and he is just as original off the ball field as he is on it. There are plenty of ball players that try to imitate him, but they only make such ridiculous failures that they become the laughing stock of the arena. It does not take the crowd long to get on to a player who is trying to be funny and makes a bad job of it.

A despatch from the field of battle to this city, stated that

Mutrie was so completely overwhelmed with the splendid work

of the Giants that he was obliged to buy a new silk hat every morning, as the dimensions of his head increased so much during the intervening space of time that the yesterday's hat was

too small for the head of to-day. There was some excuse, it must be admitted for "Jim's" high flow of spirits. He had been twitted severely about the work, or want of work, of his team in some of their wretched contests in this section of country before they started on that last successful Western trip, that Mutrie felt nervous about what kind of a reception he would meet with upon returning to the Metropolis should the bad record continue of the Giants. However, a happy change took place. An ardent admirer of the New York club and of Manager Mutrie was heard to say: "If Mr. Mutrie is not welcomed home with a brass band playing 'Hail to the Chief' and with Mayor Grant presenting him with the freedom of the city, on his entering our gates, there will, in the future, be very little encouragement for him to engage in earnest struggles in behalf of the chief city of the Union."

They have had all fooling in the International Association that they intend putting up with, and, in the future, if an umpire gets sick, Dr. White will feed him on \$50 pills until he recovers his health. The trouble is that there has been too much monkey business going on, and it became absolutely necessary to take the bull by the horns.

If the Peoria club paid the one hundredth part as much attention to baseball as they do to fishing, it would, no doubt, be a first class ball club. There was a time when President Day

intended inviting them to visit New York and play with the Giants. However, he was prevented doing so on learning about their fishing proclivity, and had to give it up.

He was afraid each man would have a fishing rod strapped on his back, so that between innings they could throw their lines into the pond in the left field; and, if the fishing proved good, would actually break up the game and place Mr.

Day in an awkward position before the large body of spectators who were assembled at the Polo Ground

to witness the games played there.

Mike Kelly has developed into a wonderful scientist, and is at present delivering lectures on the art of base running. He does not take the desperate chance at base sliding that he did a few years ago, when he was supple, but explains that fact to his entire satisfaction by laying the whole blame on the rules as altered and amended by the joint committees of the two great organizations. Four balls and three strikes do not give Mike as much chance, in his judgment, as six balls and three strikes, and on this account we get the will for the dead, and Mike does not suffer from bruised hips and shins as of old, when he was regarded as "King Kell, the base slider." The whole trouble is that the players have all taken a grand drop, and have made up their minds that the only way to last in the baseball arena is to take no chances of injury through base sliding, coupled with the prospect of being spiked by opposing players, for when once permanently disabled their places are soon filled by other men, and all the thanks they get for their brilliant and daring work is to be classed among the back numbers.

Paul Hines and Henry Boyle are not on the best of terms at present, and do not speak as they pass by. Paul had a favorite bat with which he struck the cover off a ball pretty nearly every time he stepped up to the home plate. Boyle tried to get a home run out of Paul's stick, but instead of striking with the grain he struck against the grain and shattered it into splinters as though it had been struck by lightning. Hines was fairly crazy and wanted to kick Boyle right on the spot, and was only prevented doing so by a threat of \$200 of a fine.

If the baseball arena had a few more good hustlers like Jim Hart, our national game would be landed on the highest pinnacles of the earth, and the game be played from the top of Mt. Hooker, in the Rocky Mountains, to Tupungat's Peak, in the Andes, and from Mount Elburz, in the Caucasus, Russia, to Mount Everest, in the Himalayas, Asia; and from Killindjare, Africa, to Manoa Kea, in the Sandwich Islands, and from Popocatapetl, Mexico, to Mt. Edgecombe, New Zealand.

They say it will be some time before Billy Campbell plays ball again. He must be a regular baby to quit the glorious diamond field, even temporarily, on account of a trivial thing like having an eye knocked out and his jaw-bone broken while playing behind the bat.

The Chicago would like to have that League pennant, and we would like to see them get it and would do all in our power to assist them, were it not that we want it ourselves, so poor Anson will be left.

We do not know how much he must "Loveit;" [Note by Ed.—

Rats!] but it is very evident that Mr. Byrne is not as well pleased as he might be. Now it is hard to tell whether it is beer or good, substantial food, but there is one thing certain, and that is that the fat is there and seems to be increasing daily. The Brooklyn club has had a sad experience with obese players, so Mr. Byrne sent his stocky pitcher home for "Jack" McMasters to take hold

of and run off some of his excessive fleshiness.

President Brush, of the Indianapolis club, does not pay Frank Bancroft the highest compliment in the world when he expresses his regret that Glasscock was not managing the team in the early part of the season.

Treadaway, of the Denver club, tried to get funny before some ladies in the grand stand by catching a wild-pitched ball in his mouth. It was one of those snake curves, and he missed his calculation and had his jaw broken by the ball.

There is nothing slow about Walter Hewitt. His papa took a five years' lease on the Washington Grounds with the option of purchasing the ground at fifty cents a foot. The club has occupied it for four years. Walter has had a bad dose in handling his club; it has proved a white elephant, so he recently more than squared himself by selling his option at seventy cents a foot, which is an advance of twenty cents a foot over what his father had secured the ground at. This figuring up about \$45,000, which more than makes good the amount he lost on the club, which has been a poor investment ever since he has had it under control.

Fred Pfeffer is a pretty nice fellow, and if it wasn't that he is

now near sighted that he can't see beyond the end of his nose, he would also be a popular man, but when he tries to get square with the newspaper men through any little slurs he publishes on his Chicago score card he makes the greatest mistake of his life. The boys have the dead wood on Fred and they can roast him ten fold.

A gold watch, worth between five and six dollars, is now in the hands of Mr. Spaulding, to be presented to the member of his club who steals the most bases. The trouble is he has got a lot of ice-wagons out there, and the only way he can get them around the bases is to offer them a tempting bait of this sort.

"JUNE."

The POLICE GAZETTE boxing gloves. All professional and amateur boxers recommend them. Send for price list to Richard E. Fox, Franklin Square, New York.

"FATHER BILL" SUED.

Jockey Palmer Retains Howe & Hummel in a \$10,000 Action.

ATHLETES EXTRAORDINARY.

Elkwood, the winner of last year's Suburban, has been withdrawn from the track, having gone lame.

Boy Wilkes, the great pacer, was beaten by Goship, Jr., at Rochester, on Aug. 14, and the fastest heat was 2:16.

At Rochester, N. Y., on Aug. 14, Jack won the 2:20

purse, beating Graylight, Justinia and T. T. S., in 2:19, 2:18.

Robert Drew, of Brooklyn, would like the address of Alf Ryan. Will Ryan leave his address at the POLICE GAZETTE office?

Dave Pulsifer paid \$165 for Tenny, and W. L. Scott was glad to get clear of him at that price. The colt couldn't be purchased now for \$20,000.

The managers of the New York State Food Exhibit offer prizes to bicyclists for a race on Friday, Aug. 20, at Albany, N. Y. See advertisement.

Jack Carkeek, of Dodgeville, Wis., has returned from England. Carkeek was victorious in several wrestling matches on the other side of the Atlantic.

The American contingent in England backed James Quirk to win the All England Sheffield Handicap, which Farrell won, and £20 invested on Farrell brought, they claim, £200.

Favor made his debut on the turf in 1884, and up to the time of his retirement, the present season, had won 47 races and \$4,850 in stakes and purses for Green B. Morris, his owner.

Gold Leaf, the California filly by Sidney, which paced a mile last year as a three-year-old in 2:18, is reported to have worked half this summer in 1:30, the first quarter in 29.

Stephen Farrell, who won several races in England under the name of Donovan, arrived in this city on Aug. 11. Farrell's last exploit was his victory in the All England Sheffield Handicap.

Sam Emery, the well-known bookmaker, is a lucky fellow. When Dry Monopole won the Brooklyn handicap in 1887 his winnings were \$60,000, while on Longstreet he is reported to have won \$25,000.

Jim Elliott, of the U. S. steamer Alliance, Hampden Roads, Va., writes that he is ready to arrange a match to wrestle any apprentice in the U. S. Navy, catch-as-catch-can, any time within the next six months.

We have received a copy of Miller's "Sporting Pamphlet and Trotting Record." It is published by J. J. Miller, of Melbourne, Australia. It is a valuable book and contains considerable information and sporting statistics.

Royal Garter, by Eolus, out of Jennie Bell, now running at Saratoga, made his debut on the turf under the name of Michael. When a three-year-old, his name was changed to First Attempt, which cognomen he struggled with until he received the Royal Garter.

Daniel J. Herty, the winner of the last six-day go-as-you-please pedestrian race at Madison Square Garden, will run 25 miles against T. P. O'Neill's 34 miles, at Montclair, N. J., on Monday night, Aug. 26, for a purse of \$100. Mr. O'Neill, Herty's opponent, is from Bloomfield, N. J.

Dan Herty, the well-known six-day go-as-you-please pedestrian, says: "I have a better right to the championship of America than James Albert. I will meet him in a six-day go-as-you-please for any reasonable amount, and will be willing to have the race open to the world."

A special cable to the "Police Gazette" from Amsterdam, Aug. 11, says: "At the International races here Amiel, wool, belonging to Mr. Macphee, of New York, won the Priz du Sport C ub and the Priz du Comte carrier. The former race was at 2,800 metres and the latter at 3,000 metres."

Dennis F. Butler, the boxing teacher of the famous Southern Athletic Club, is now in New York, having been given a vacation by the above club. Butler will spend his vacation in swimming, etc., and he intends to make arrangements with several noted athletes to visit the Crescent City.

George W. Atkinson cabled the "Police Gazette" that Jim Smith and Frank P. Savin, the Australian heavy-weight pugilist, had each posted £200 with the Sporting Life, London, to bind a match for £1,000 a side under London prize ring rules, for the championship of the world and the "Police Gazette" belt.

Peter Jackson, with his manager, Chas. E. Davies, sailed for England on the 20th. On Jackson's arrival in England the black champion will meet Slavin, Mitchell and all the great guns of the prize ring in glove contests in a limited number of rounds. Jackson is quite an intelligent darky, he is clever, and will, no doubt, catch on with the London swells.

At Rochester, N. Y., on Aug. 14, Globe won the purse for the 2:22 class in three straight heats. Time, 2:19 1/2, 2:19 1/2, 2:19 1/2. Yorktown Belle was second in the first heat, Lynn W. was second in the second, and Yorktown Belle second in the third heat. Prince Regent won the \$2,000 purse for the 27 class in three straight heats. Time, 2:23, 2:22, 2:21 1/2.

At Cincinnati, Ohio, on Aug. 11, Otto Ziegler, 15 years old, jumped from the top rail of the suspension bridge into the Ohio river, a distance of 90 feet. Ziegler lost his balance as he fell and struck the water on his stomach, but was not injured. He swam to a skiff, in which were two of his friends, and, although out of breath, was soon brought around all right.

In Australia Wharton, a West Indian darkie, is reported to be able to do like his brother with the 100 yards record. He can smash the 9 1/2 seconds, by Seward, easily, and can go fast enough to give an even timer 20 yards, and make a dead heat with him. If he can beat 9 seconds in a match against time he could take away with him nearly all the money that is in England.

Donovan, the great English three-year-old, won more money than any horse in the history of the turf in any country, his earnings to date amounting to £40,362 15s., or in American money, \$197,778.45. Out of 18 starts he has won 15 races. His stable companion, Ayshire, is also a heavy winner, he having won in stakes and purses £34,751, or \$168,462.35. Out of 15 races he has started in he has won 11.

The Union printers of the city of Albany, N. Y., indulged in their fourth annual target excursion on Monday, Aug. 26. The grand time was held at Kinderhook Lake, where the "boys" rallied the target and got billyards on estables and drinkables until the latter looked as full of holes as the former. A jolly time was had all round, and the POLICE GAZETTE regrets that it was not present to join in the festivities.

The conflict is very close between the famous pacing stallion Tom Hal and the illustrious trotting stallion Dictator. The former has to his credit Little Brown Jug, 2:11 1/2; Brown Hal, 2:12 1/2, and Hal Pointer, 2:15 1/2, or three sons with an average record of 2:13 1/2. Dictator follows close on his heels with Jay Eye-See, 2:10; Phalias, 2:13 1/2, and Director, 2:17, or an average of 2:13 3 1/2. The honors remain with the pacers.

Dave Pulsifer, the owner of the race horse Tenny, writes that he is willing to run that "little horse," as he calls him, at a mile, mile and a furlong or a mile and a quarter, at 10 pounds, over the New York Jockey Club race track, for \$5,000, \$1,000 or \$5 a side. The Bazzings are willing to run Saluator if the weight is made so that McLaughlin can ride. The

Dayer Brothers are willing to arrange the match on behalf of Longstreet, and there is not the least doubt that the owner of Spokans and Proctor Knott would be willing to enter the race.

Father Bill Daly, the well-known turfman, is having trouble with his jockey, Willie Palmer. He had the boy arrested in Saratoga for petty larceny, claiming that he had in his possession a saddle and bridle belonging to him. Palmer was held in \$600 bail to answer the charge, and Jimmy McCormick became his bondsman. Palmer claims that Daly owes him money for services rendered, and has, through his attorney, Howe & Hummel, brought suit against Daly for \$10,000 damages. Many racy developments are expected when the case comes to trial in relation to the mysteries of the turf.

JACKSON'S PROWESS.

A Little Something about a Little Everything.

"REFEREE'S" MELANGE.

In my opinion Californians are an impulsive class of people generally and prone to make too hasty conclusions. Every new aspirant foristic honor that bobs up serenely they overrate, and then they find out their mistake when their pockets have been made to pay the piddler for their over-hasty judgment.

After Joe McAuliffe put the once heavy-weight champion, Paddy Ryan, to sleep, a few many of the heavyweights of to-day could accomplish, sporting men of the Pacific Slope said he was "the coming champion," and they praised him to the skies and fairly doted over him.

Jack Hallinan, Patsy Hogan and other sports dubbed him a wonder. Finally McAuliffe met Jackson, the black champion, and although the Australian did not have a greatistic record he defeated McAuliffe and upset the calculations of the sporting men in San Francisco who believed McAuliffe was a wonder.

Peter Jackson then became the idol of the sporting fraternity of the California Athletic Club, and sporting men of the Pacific Slope put him up as the coming champion of the world. McAuliffe was never a wonder, but possessed immense natural strength and was nothing but an unsophisticated, improperly trained overgrown boy.

Jackson defeated George Godfrey after a well-contested battle, and Godfrey can only be classed a selling plater and by no means a stake horse, so what did that victory amount to? Jackson next defeated McAuliffe, and that victory gave him prestige, especially among Californians, but not with the A1 judges of pugilism. His victory over the third-class, weak-hearted Patsy Cardiff was a foregone conclusion, and it was announced in these columns that Cardiff would fall an easy victim to the black champion.

Upon these performances the Californians believe Jackson is a foeman worthy of any champion's steel, but judging by his display with Billy Baker, of Buffalo, and his performance with "Ginger" McCormick I cannot for a moment believe that he is either a match for Sullivan or Kilrain.

Jackson is a gentlemanly, well-behaved pugilist. He is shrewd and his steering apparatus is in first-class order, whether he possesses the stamina and the courage to go through the trying ordeal of aistic encounter according to London prize ring rules, which code of rules he would have to contend by before he became the possessor of the "Police Gazette" championship belt and the championship of the world, I have my doubts.

Perhaps I am wrong in my judgment, but I fail to see any reason for putting Jackson in the same class as Sullivan. What in the world has he ever done to warrant it? Surely his most zealous admirers won't claim that any of his victims would have a ghost of a show before John L. And yet one of the daily papers, last week, in an editorial on the subject, rather inclined to the belief that should the two men meet, Jackson would prove the better man of the two. Pshaw, this kind of talk is ridiculous.

Let Jackson confine his efforts to making a match with Kilrain. Should this match be arranged it is my opinion that Kilrain would puncture the Australian bubble without much difficulty. Should I be wrong and Jackson prove the victor, then Sullivan would either have to meet him or surrender to him the championship. The California Club is trying to induce Kilrain to meet their champion, and I hope they will succeed. A contest between the two men would create an immense amount of interest, and prove a fight well worth seeing, but if Kilrain recovered his old-time form and regained the speed and strength he displayed when he fought Jim Smith, it would be a one-horse race.

Jackson is now on his way to England, and Charles E. Davies, of Chicago, the shrewdest and best pugilist manager in this country, has charge of him, and what Jackson will do when he arrives in England with the Pritchards, Slavins, Smiths and Wannops, the future will decide.

Every one has seen or heard of Matsada Sorakichi, the famous Japanese wrestler, who has time and again met wrestlers of every class, and many have wondered at the agility and prowess displayed by the "Police Gazette" champion Japanese wrestler.

The Jap's science, strength and agility are not to be wondered at when it is conceded that wrestling in Japan is that country's national sport, as will be seen by the following letter from a correspondent, written to this office, in which he says:

"Having seen the 'Police Gazette' champion—I mean the Jap—wrestle in Cleveland, and knowing the many readers of the POLICE GAZETTE admire wrestling, I will write to say that I recently went to Tokio to see the great wrestling contest in which four hundred Japs contested. There were quite 10,000 Japs there. The place is circus shaped, and the stage in the centre, raised about 4 feet, a post at each corner and a canopy overhead. The ring is 14 feet in diameter, and the whole platform—in the middle of which it is—is only 20 feet by 20 feet. They wrestle on earth, and have only a silk band round the waist. They are divided into four classes, and the winner of the fourth class passes into the third and so on. They are really splendid men, magnificently built, and would draw tons of money in Europe, or Australia, either."

"Many of them are 5 feet 10 inches to 6 feet and measure splendidly. Their way of wrestling is as follows (I tried to get their rules, but could not manage it): At each of the four posts an old-time wrestler sits in state, and are the umpires, and they act if the judge calls on them, or is in doubt, not otherwise. The judge is much like us, flying around all the time watching points. The men's names are called, and they step on the platform stripped, and go through a long series of exercise to get their muscles in trim. They then salute in a long and complicated fashion while sitting on their heels at each side of the ring.

"They then advance and sit down, with their knees wide apart and on their heels, and their hands clasped as for fighting, and resting on the ground three feet apart. After about a moment in this position they rise half up, and at signal from the judge take hold. If both go on, or rather if one does not instantly signal by retiring or not acting, and this they can do and start afresh), clinch, they try to put each other out of the ring, and if one succeeds he wins the bout. It seems that any body hold is allowed, butting, pushing or throwing. They are quick as lightning and as active as kittens, and show most wonderful strength and agility."

"The last bout was between two of the best men in Japan, and one fellow threw the other clear off the stage among the people on his head. Both men weighed 210 pounds. The people were mad and the cheering immense, coats, or what they wear for them, being thrown and passed up to the victor by the dozen. These would be redeemed afterward by the owners calling for them and leaving money presents equivalent to their value instead."

"You would enjoy the show greatly, and no one could help doing it, for it's a really masterly and finished exhibition of strength, quickness and skill. The wrestlers are an entirely different breed from the rest of the Japanese, who don't average more than 130 pounds each at most. They are fine-looking men, and wear long hair, brushed straight back all

round and drawn up from the back and knotted with a ribbon, queen fashion, on top, but there are none of them as agile as the Jap, now in America."

Professional foot racing has developed very fast in Australia during the last half dozen years. The favorite sport is sprinting, and the middle and long distances do not receive much attention.

The distance of the Kentucky Oaks for 1889 will be a mile and a quarter and not a mile and a half.

I understand it is proposed by Mr. Pierre Lorillard and a few others to inclose Jerome Park with glass, light it with electricity and use it for winter racing at night. The scheme is believed to be feasible, and estimates and plans have been contracted for. It may be made the interest of the American Jockey Club to carry out the project. The extension of the elevated railroad, the Harlem turn-out, will carry people to the grounds from the centre of the city in thirty minutes.

Mr. Lorillard has figured up the cost of the immense structure, which he believes would amount to about \$200,000. With all the improved means of transportation patrons could be conveyed to the course from the dwelling part of the city in thirty minutes, and the patronage would be such as to make it profitable for the American Jockey Club to carry out Mr. Lorillard's plan. Furthermore Mr. Lorillard believed that the immense structure could be utilized for the coming World's Fair, and that it would also be the place needed for national horse shows and for grand reviews of the National Guard.

People are beginning to learn something. Twenty-five years ago if a man drove to church faster than a walk the congregation would be horrified. To-day a minister can whiz past at a three-minute clip and nothing is thought of it. In this connection I always have to think of a story F. T. Barnard told me once while en route for New York.

The veteran showman said that when people got the fever that a circus was wicked a number of years ago he tacked on a little monologue to take off the curse, and every time he billeted a town he always managed to leave a few of the best reserved seat tickets with the clergy. The reverend gentlemen, he said, would always come first and make a rush for their seats, where they could see the clown, and, in nine cases out of ten, forgot all about the animals.

So it is with races. Tack on a little fair—a few pumpkins—and people will come in wagon loads; but who ever heard of anybody going home until after the last heat was over, even if the cows had to go without milking. But the Grand Circuit meetings—why are they more popular? Simply on account of stake races. This is the best thing that ever happened. It interests breeders in every State, and they grow more popular every year.

The mistake which the judges twice made at Chicago of placing horses wrong, and which was followed upon one occasion at Sheephead Bay, happened also at Monmouth in a race for two-year-olds, won by Drizelle, in which Onward was second. The judges hung up Little Ella's number for the place, left the stand, and some of the bookmakers paid out money on this placing. A crowd of interested persons soon found the judges and made them aware of the error which had been committed, and they directed that Onward's number should be substituted for that of Little Ella.

In regard to what I said about the peculiar, strange and unfair (to betting men) decision rendered by the referee in the recent battle between Frank Murphy and Billy Murphy at San Francisco, President Fulda writes:

"We stopped the Murphy-Murphy contest as soon as we were convinced of the seriousness of the injuries to both men. We do so in the interest of good sport, common sense and humanity. The Australian's left arm was broken and his right hand injured. Frank Murphy's left shoulder was injured and his right hand disabled. We do not propose to countenance brutality in sport for the benefit of the bettors or pool sellers. Our aim is to encourage good sport."

President Fulda's explanation does not change the situation, and I still maintain that the decision was an unfair one.

I had an interview with Edward Hanlan, the famous oarsman, who in 1874, surprised the sporting world by winning the championship of America, and who continued to hold the aquatic premiership longer than any man on the rowing championship tablet. Hanlan, according to my records, has rowed 160 races, won 147 of them and \$250,000.

"Australia is the greatest sporting country in the world, in my opinion," said he, "and is making marvelous strides. Particularly have they made rapid progress in rowing. When I went there first in 1882 their racing craft was clumsy and their boats far from being first-class. They took lessons from me, and on my last trip I was fairly astonished at the progress they had made. They seem to take more interest in their work than we do, and are bound to eclipse us."

"Then you think their scullers, as a rule, outclass ours?"

"I do, because they work from scientific principles. The great trouble with the scullers of this country and England is that they depend too much on brute force for their results. They get into a boat and plod away without seeking to improve themselves by studying their faults. In Australia, on the contrary, the men study every point, and when they see a defect in their style they seek to remedy it. The result is that their improvement has been marvelous."

"What do you think of their champion, Searle?"

"He is a great man without any question, and O'Connor will have to be at his best to win in England. He is a full complexional man, 23 years old, 6 feet 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches in height, and when in condition will weigh about 160 pounds. He is, to my mind, a better built man than O'Connor. He is very compact and well knit, with a well-rounded barrel. O'Connor, on the other hand, is a big, broad-shouldered fellow and rather hollow through the stomach. I prefer Searle's build. He and O'Connor are much the same sized men."

"Do you think Searle will win the coming match?"

"I do not say so, and I think it is really a toss-up. O'Connor has a good chance to win, but will have to be in the best of shape to beat the champion. I remember when I first saw Searle. He is a farmer's son, and was raised on the Clarence river. I had entered in a regatta, which, by the way, was a handicap, I being placed on the scratch. Searle was handicapped seven boat lengths away from me. I was not feeling in the best of shape, and decided not to start. The thermometer was about 112 degrees in the shade, and when Searle reached the scene of the contest he was clad in the most laughable fashion. He wore top boots, into which a muddy pair of trousers were rudely stuffed. A heavy flannel shirt covered the upper part of his body, and his head was covered by an old slouch hat pulled down over his eyes. In spite of the heat he had on a huge overcoat which reached down to his ankles. He was little more than an overgrown boy, but was even then a magnificent specimen of physical culture, and the way he pushed that boat of his through the water made me think my lucky stars that I had not started."

"Is he a better man than Beach?"

"No, I don't think he is, but he is just as good as Beach was at his best, and he is young enough to improve a bit yet. It is wonderful the confidence the people have in him, and he can secure backing for millions in the colonies. The people there, though but more money on one sculling race than they do on a dozen here."

"How are the Australian rowing courses?"

"The championship course on the Parramatta river is at times a rather difficult one to row over. It is rough on account of cross winds. The finest course in the world, to my mind, and I have rowed on all of them, is the Nepean river course, which is as straight as an arrow for nearly three miles."

"REFEREE."

The following is one of the numerous communications received daily at this office in regard to the "Police Gazette" standard boxing gloves: "Received the boxing gloves O.K., and they are immense. J. E. PARISVILLE, Bay Mills, Mich."

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J. L. Meriden.—B wins.

H. T. Clayton, Ill.—Yes.

S. N. Oakland, Cal.—No.

F. P. L. Kansas City.—Yes.

C. C. Fort Worth, Tex.—Yes.

H. T. Boston.—Sixes are high.

E. T. K., Louisville.—High deals.

W. H., Grand Forks, Dak.—\$2,500.

F. O. D., Bradford, Pa.—Kerry, Ireland.

R. G., Brandy Station, Pa.—Tom Cribb.

R. M., Goldfield, Iowa.—1. No. 2. Thanks.

T. G., 1724 Bloom Avenue, Scranton, Pa.—Yes.

F. W. L., Giddings, Tex.—See answer to M. J. B.

PEPP' DAY, New York City.—See answer to L. B.

E. W. C., Des Moines, Ia.—Received paper; thanks.

J. O. W., New York City.—Cannot read your postal.

W. H. W., Bremont Bluff, Va.—We gave him full credit.

G. L., New York City.—Join some amateur athletic club.

D. D. C., Bridgeport, Conn.—The New York baseball club.

S. Z. Y., New London, Conn.—Can be obtained at this office.

L. B., New York City.—T. M. Malone, of Australia; time, 11½ seconds.

M. L., Long Branch, N. J.—A loses. Tom Brock was beaten by Parole.

T. R. E., Weston, Iowa.—1. Five and one-quarter seconds. 2. 9½ seconds.

W. S. B., ——Sullivan stands 5 feet 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches; Kilrain, 5 feet 11 inches.

C. F., Newark, N. J.—1. He never held the trophy. 2. He offered to do so.

W. T. R., East Las Vegas.—Peter Jackson and Joe McAuliffe fought 24 rounds.

M. J. S. B., Haworth, N. Y.—Guy, 2:10 $\frac{1}{2}$; Axtell, 2:14 $\frac{1}{2}$; Brown, Hal, 2:12 $\frac{1}{2}$.

F. P., Chicago, Ill.—Your letter received, and it has been given to Dennis F. Butler.

J. E. H. Phobus, Va.—John L. Sullivan and George Godfrey never boxed together.

E. E. R., Battle Creek, Ia.—The umpire's decision settled the matter and was correct.

J. E., U. S. S. Alliance.—Send on a forfeit with your challenge to show you mean business.

J. T., Perth Amboy.—Send 20 cents and we will mail you a book containing all records.

W. V. R., New York.—Apply to Prof. Mike Donovan, care of the New York Athletic Club.

M. J. S., Omaha.—The "Police Gazette" boxing gloves are pronounced the best now used.

F. C. S., Elkhorn, Kan.—Yes, it was fast time, and equalled the amateur record for running 100 yards.

J. C. & W. B., Pelham Bridge.—Spitfire ran in the first English Derby, which was won by Diomed, in 1780.

—, Hanover, Pa.—Sullivan and Kilrain boxed on two occasions before they fought at Richburg, Miss.

E. L., Zanesville, Ohio.—Certainly, he can throw on an ace and make it one or a two spot and make it ten.

R. S. H., Richburg, Miss.—Jake Kilrain and Charley Mitchell fought a draw with gloves at Boston; four rounds.

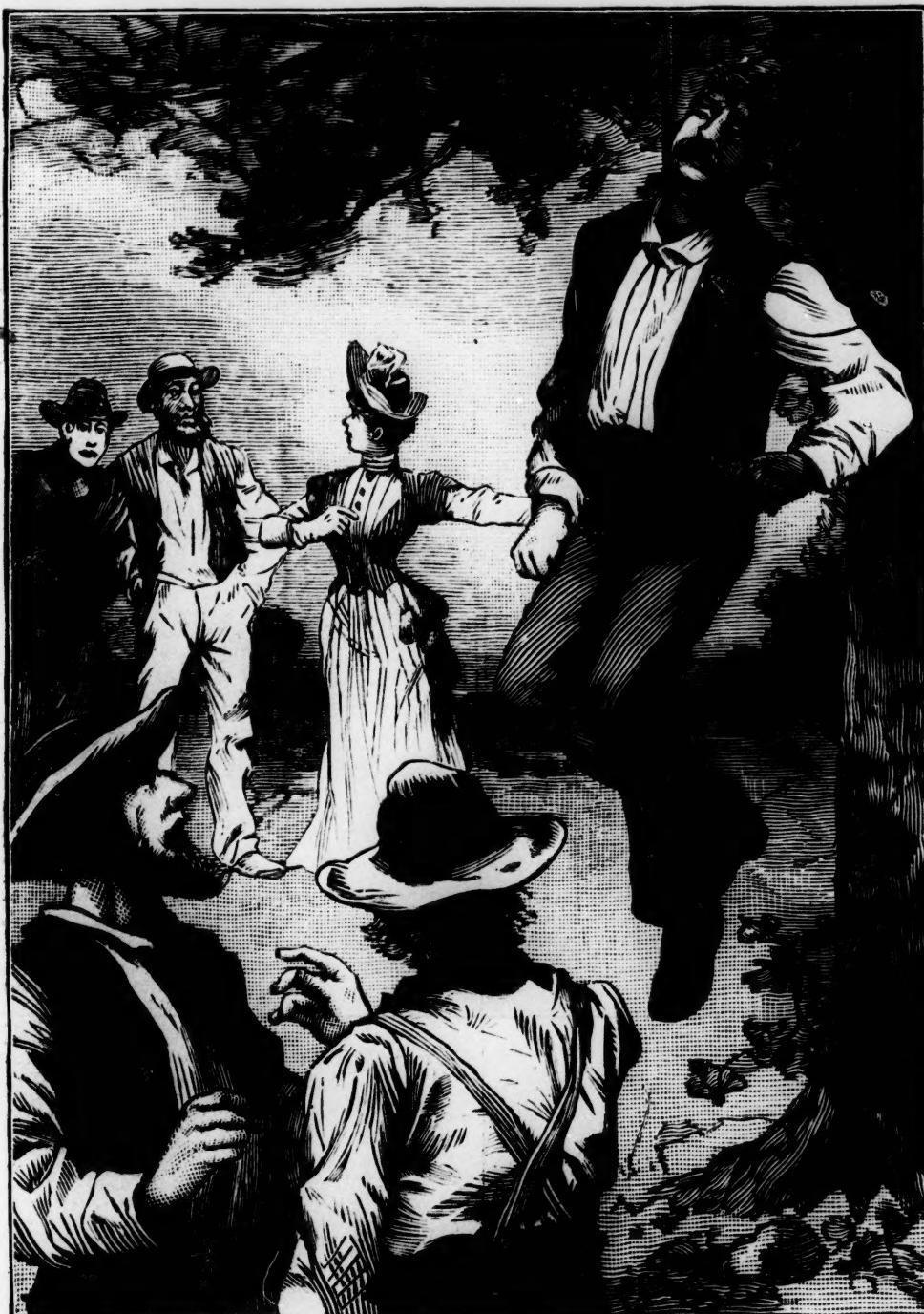
M. D., New York City.—Peter Jackson is evidently overrated. He could not class with either Sullivan or Kilrain.

G. W. R., New York City.—We did not offer any prize for a swimming match from New York to Coney Island.

C. S. A., Forest Depot, Bedford, Va.—Send 15 cents and we will mail you a POLICE GAZETTE with his full record.

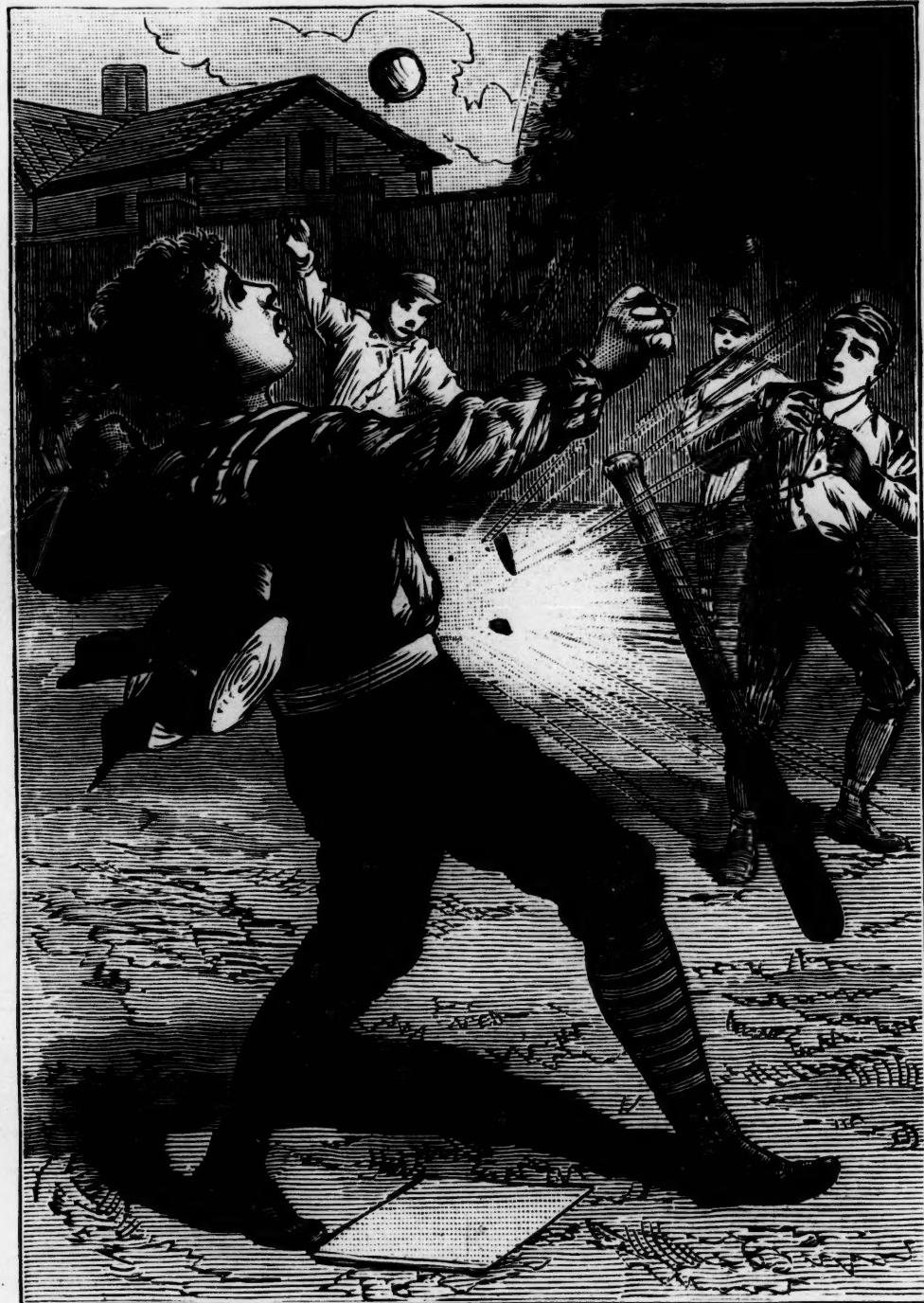
W. T. RYAN.—Jack Dempsey did defeat George Fulljams to this office.

P. J. M., De Soto, Mo.—1. Ten seconds is allowed after a knock



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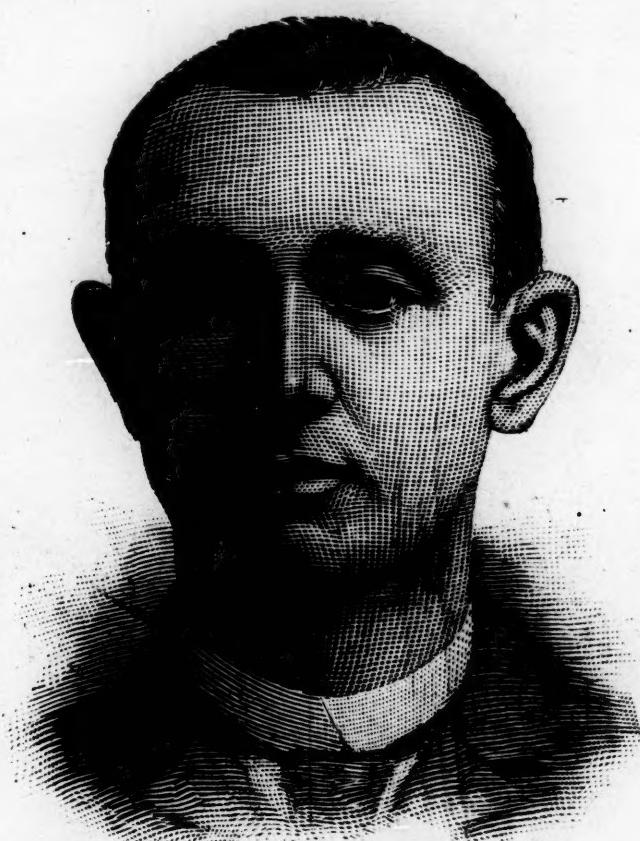
HER GRAVE HAD BEEN PREPARED.

BUT MISS BOSHELLER, OF ELKHART, IND., RETURNED SUDDENLY TO LIFE AT AN EXTREMELY OPPORTUNE MOMENT.



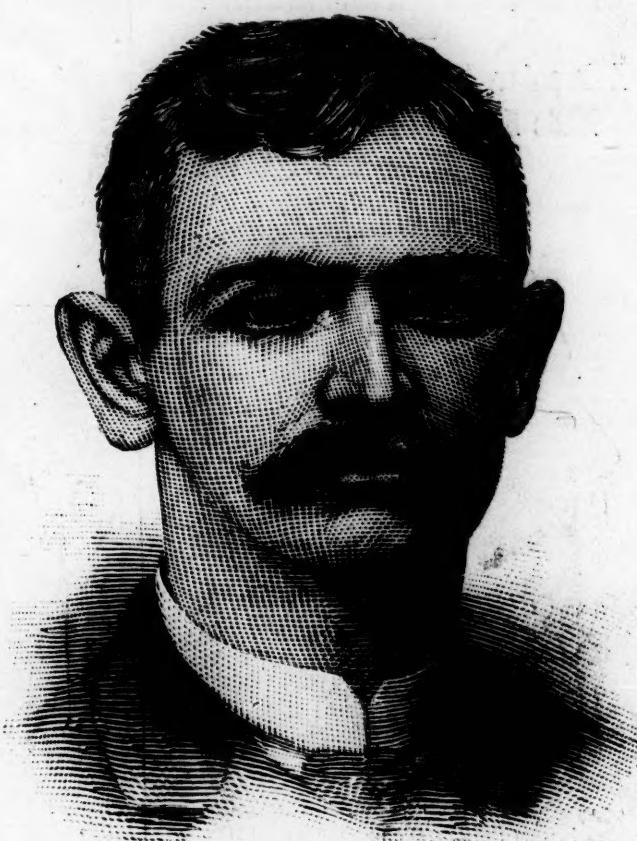
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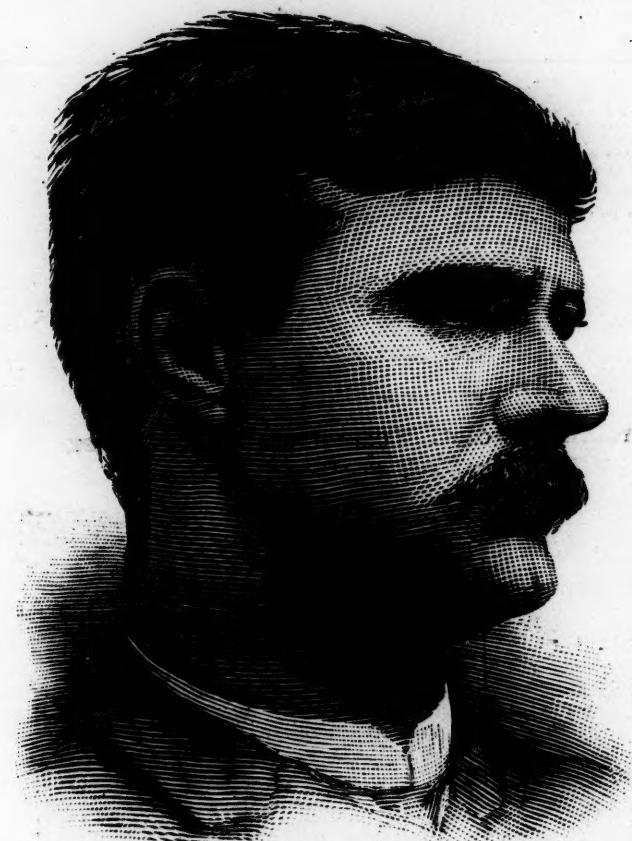
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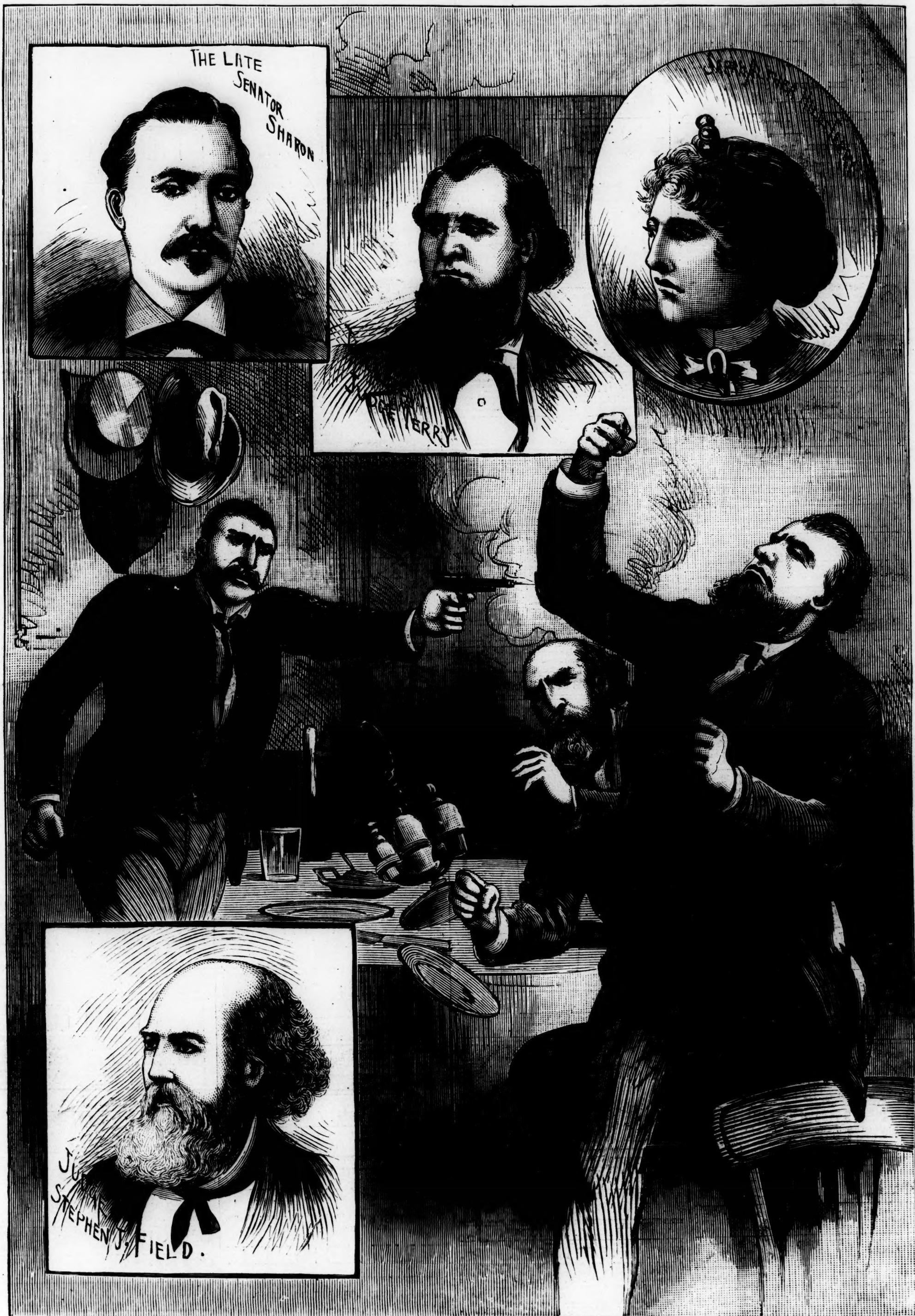
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